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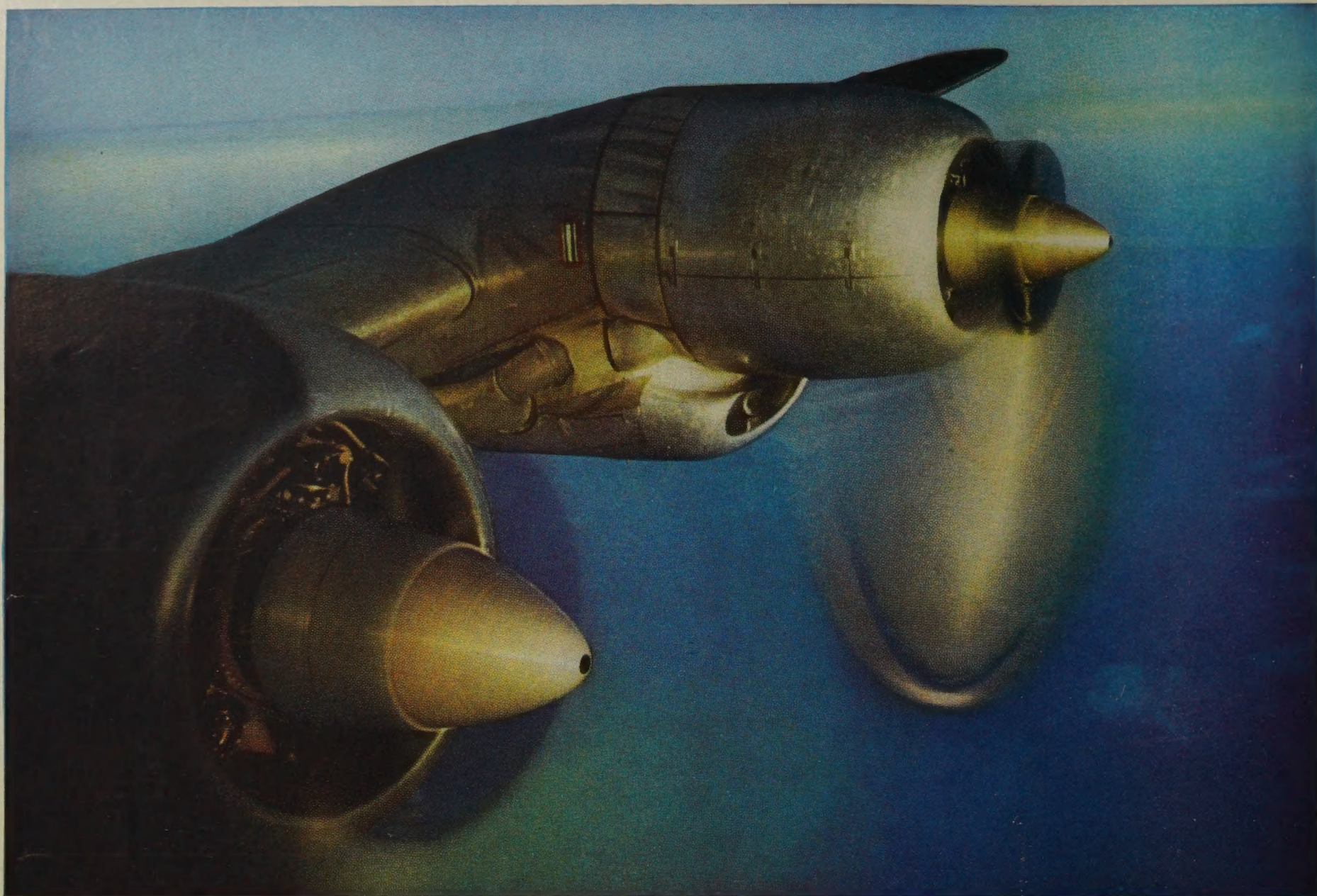
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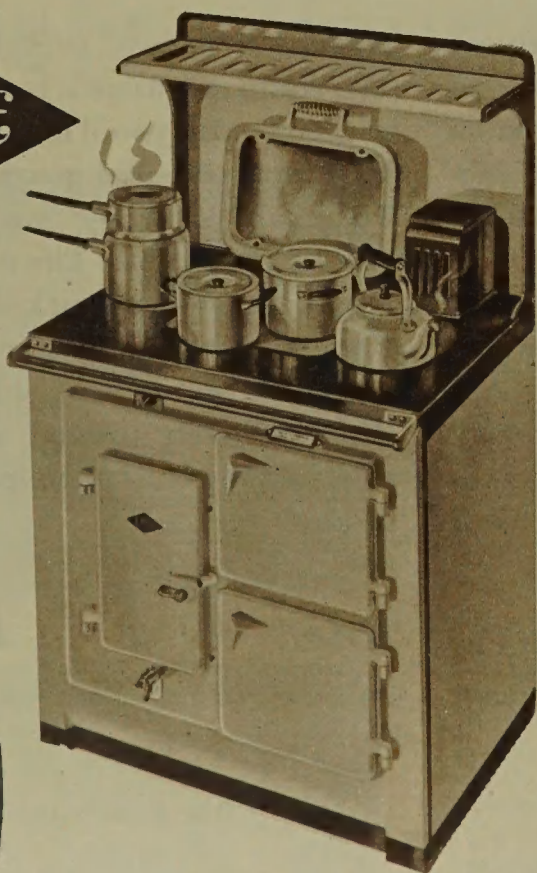
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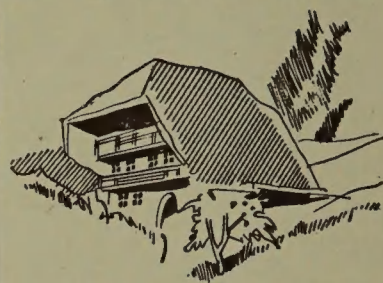
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Enquiries and leaflets from:
Badischer Fremdenverkehrsverband, Freiburg/Breisgau · Nordbadischer Fremdenverkehrsverband, Heidelberg · Landesverkehrsverband Württemberg, Stuttgart



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Warm Springs — Thermal Swimming Baths — Kurhaus Park — Concerts — Tennis — Excursions.
Hotel Römerbad, Manager Louis Joner Pension 34/- to 51/-.
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Munich Gateway to the Alps. — South Germany's most hospitable city.
Information and prospectus from Verkehrsverein München, am Bahnhofplatz.

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Garmisch-Partenkirchen The International Centre of the Bavarian Alps.
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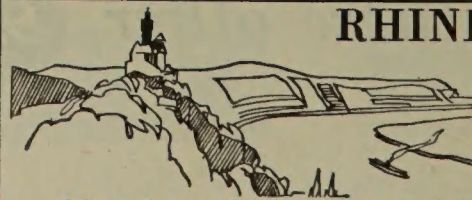
Golfhotel Sonnenbichl, Unique position facing south, every comfort, pens. from 27/-.

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RHINELAND-

PALATINATE



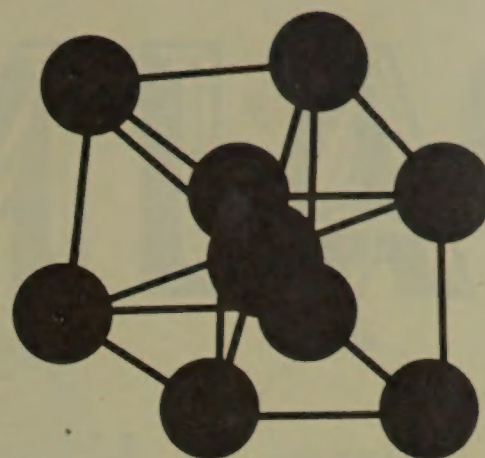
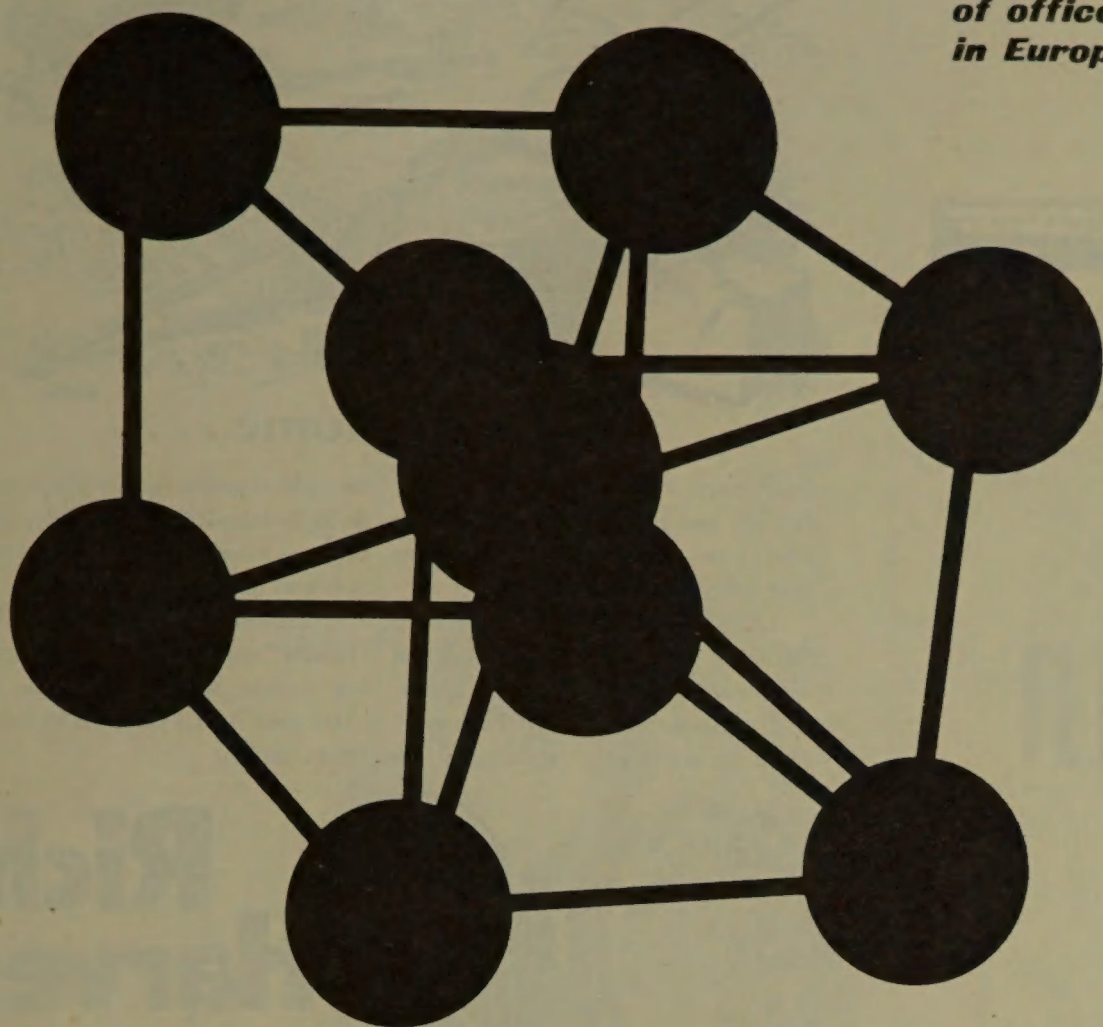
Tourist's paradise famed for its spas and vineyards: the Rhine Valley · Rhine Hesse · Westerwald-Lahn · Eifel-Ahr Moselle-Saar · Hunsrück-Nahe · the Palatinate

Information and leaflets from: Landesverkehrsverband Rheinland/Pfalz, Koblenz.

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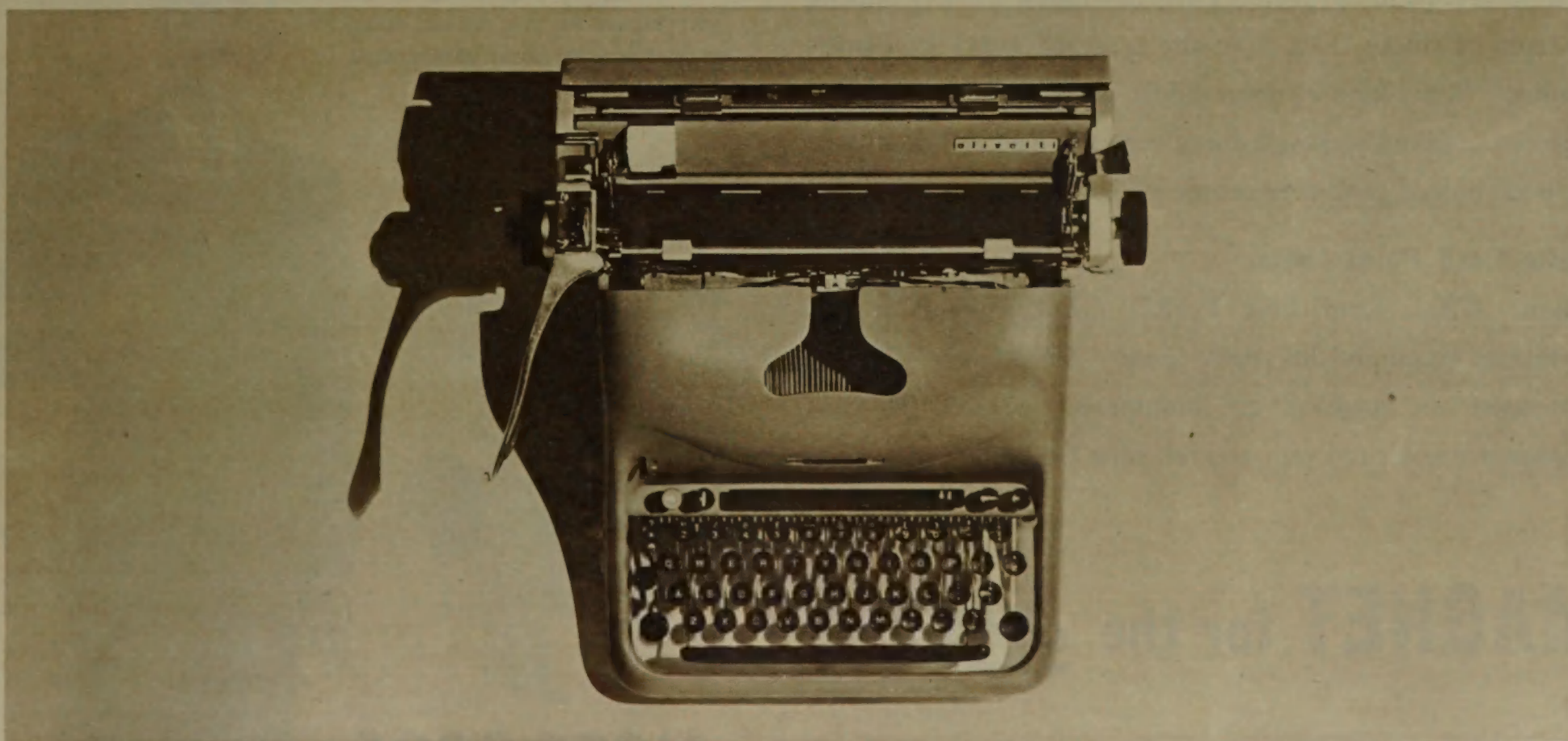
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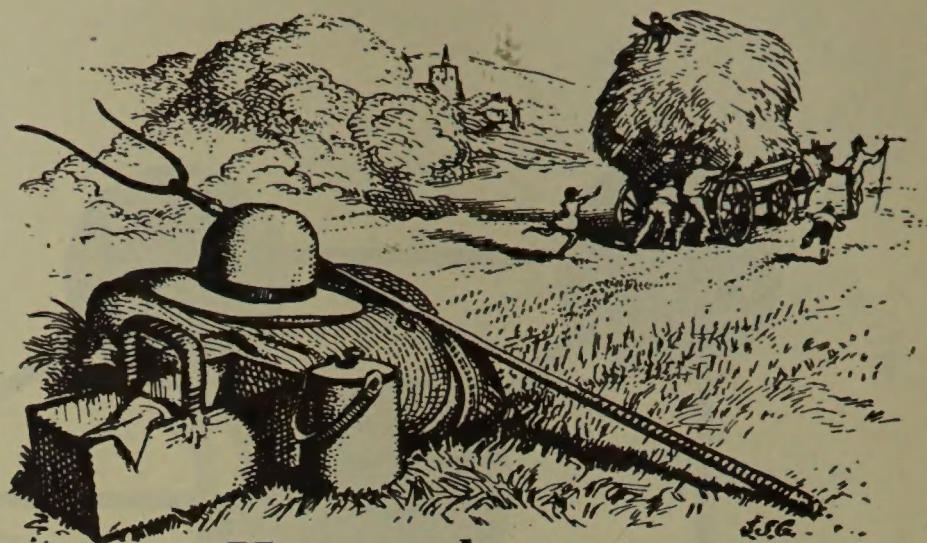
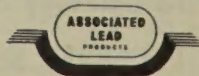
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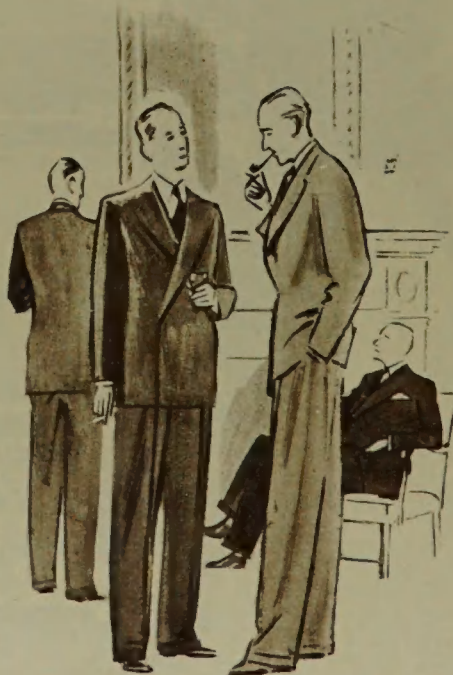
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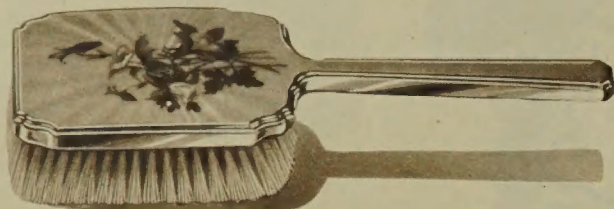
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with floral designs*



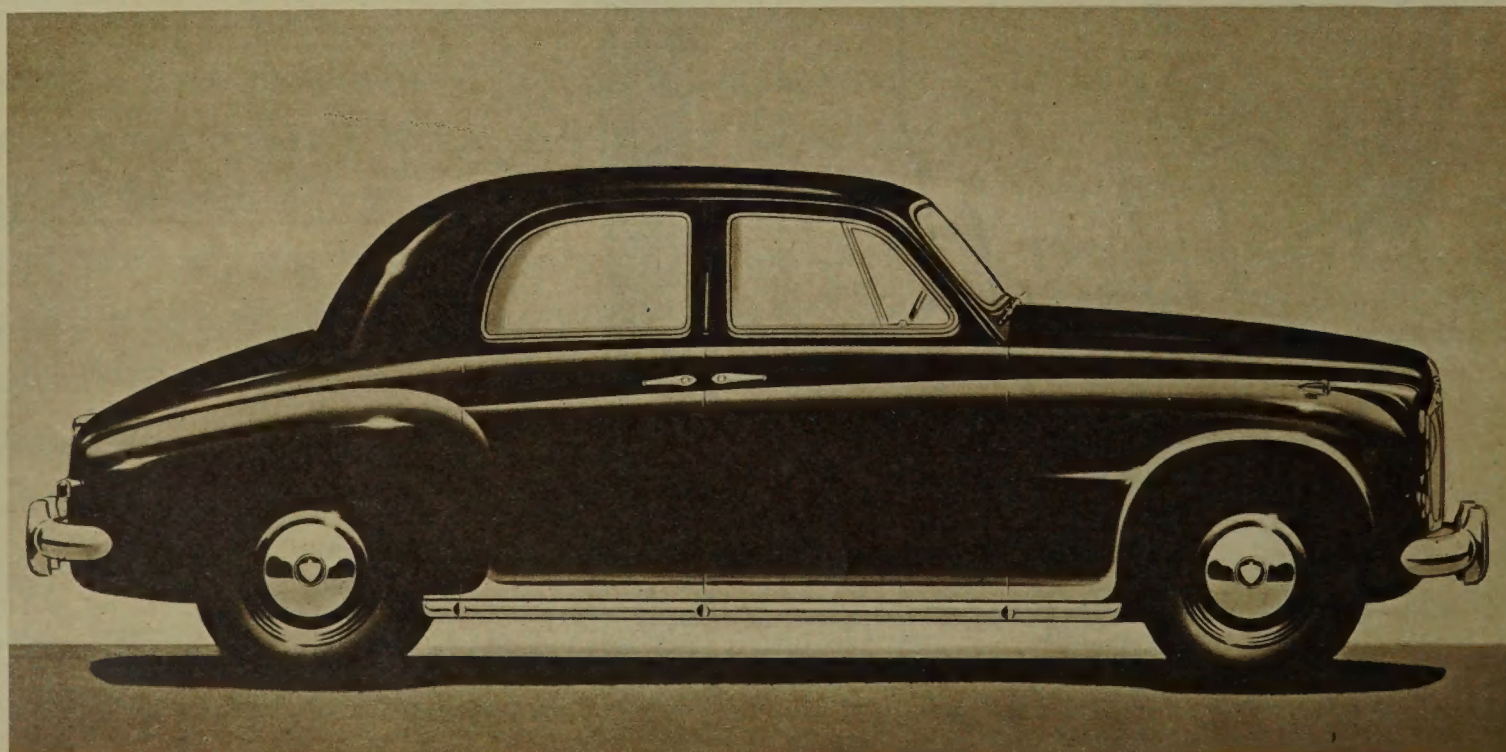
at sunrise

It is impossible, in black and white, to do full justice to the design and colouring of this very lovely sterling silver service in which a floral pattern is hand-painted on beautifully tinted enamel. You should really come and see it at the Showrooms. Or you may order by post with confidence.

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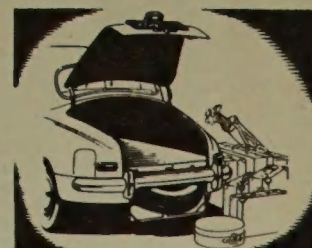
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A large boot is provided at the rear of the car with an unobstructed floor, and is lined with rubber and felt. The spare wheel compartment is completely separate from the luggage. Note the neat flush fitting spring flap, covering the petrol filler cap. Locked from inside the boot, it foils pilferers.



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SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1954.



THE QUEEN AT HER ROCK FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR—LAST PORT OF CALL ON THE WONDERFUL TOUR OF THE COMMONWEALTH, HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE IN AN OPEN CAR DURING THE COMBINED SERVICES PARADE.

The little Rock Fortress of Gibraltar, one of her Majesty's smallest but most historic and strategically important possessions, gave her a joyful, sparkling reception, a fittingly brilliant final high-light to the many great moments of this most wonderful Royal tour of the Commonwealth. The sun shone, the narrow streets were crowded with flag-waving loyal citizens, and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh fulfilled a crowded programme of varied engagements during their two days' stay. The Royal yacht steamed into

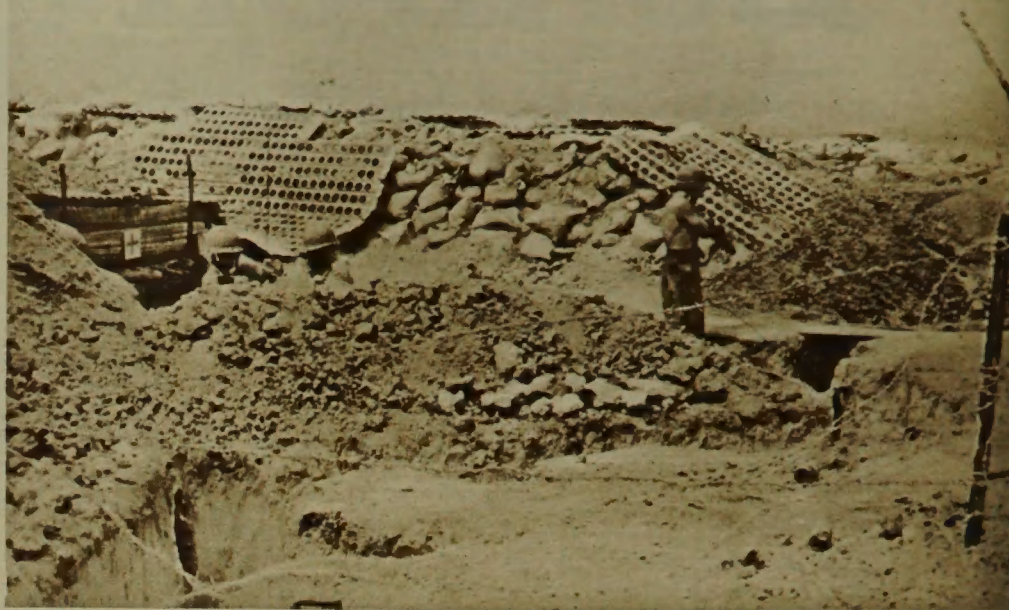
the bay at 9 a.m. on May 10, greeted by the salute of 21 guns from H.M.S. *Rooke*, the Gibraltar naval establishment and ships in the harbour. The Queen—in a honey-coloured dress and hat—having ceremonially touched the Keys of the Fortress, presented by H.E. the Governor, drove with the Duke in an open car to the North Front, where her Majesty inspected a combined parade of Service men and women from the garrison. Other photographs of the Royal visit to Gibraltar appear on subsequent pages of this issue.

THE LAST DAYS OF DIEN BIEN PHU—A HEROIC TRADITION OF FRENCH ARMS" AND "A SYMBOL

AFTER a long and heroic defence, Dien Bien Phu has fallen, the main fortress at about 5.30 p.m. on May 7, the southern fortress, "Isabelle," at about 2 a.m. on May 8. The siege, which lasted 55 days, was maintained by overwhelming numbers of Communist Viet Minh troops, equipped with heavy artillery and continuously

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) INSIDE THE MAIN STRONGHOLD OF DIEN BIEN PHU, JUST BEFORE THE FINAL ATTACK, WITH A COMMUNIST SHELL BURSTING AMONG THE BATTERED DEFENCES.



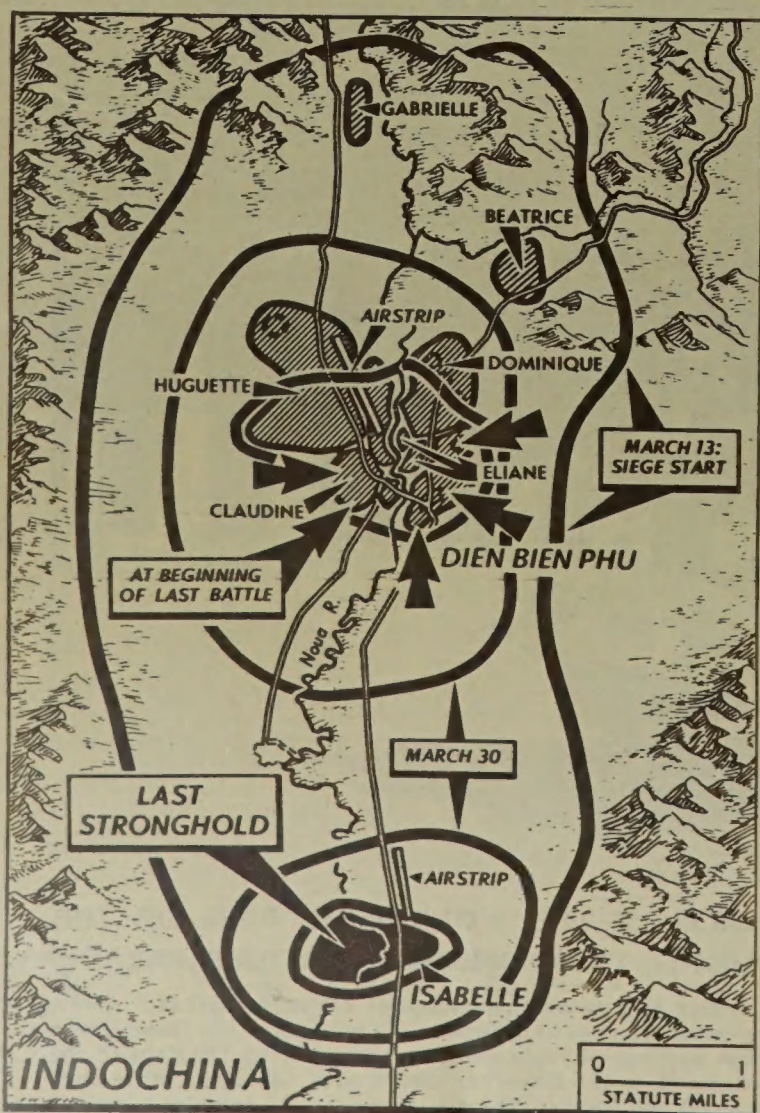
THE 55-DAY SIEGE OF DIEN BIEN PHU BROUGHT A RETURN TO THE TRENCH WARFARE OF WORLD WAR I. HERE AIRSTRIP RUNWAY MATERIAL HAS BEEN USED TO STRENGTHEN DEFENCES.



THE APPROACH OF NIGHT IN DIEN BIEN PHU, WITH THE SKIES DARKENING AND THE BOMBARDMENT INTENSIFYING.



A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE END: BOMBS FROM FRENCH AIRCRAFT OF THE DIEN BIEN PHU DEFENCES. THE EARLY LOSS



Continued.] supplied with ample ammunition. According to General Navarre, the French Commander-in-Chief in Indo-China, the French Union casualties are about 4000 killed and wounded and 8000 taken prisoner, and the Viet Minh losses are estimated at about 18,000, of which about 8000 were killed. Sir Winston Churchill has said that "the end of the heroic resistance... arouses the sympathy of the British people. The garrison's long and gallant defence, in the highest tradition of French arms, has been an inspiration to the free world." President Eisenhower, in a letter to the French President, wrote of the garrison: "Their devotion and the quality of their resistance have been so great that the battle will for ever stand as a symbol of the free world's determination to resist dictatorial aggression." The siege—the first set battle of the war in Indo-China—has seen a reversion

(Continued above, right.)

(LEFT.) A MAP OF DIEN BIEN PHU, SHOWING ROUGHLY THE SHRINKAGE OF THE STRONGHOLD AS A RESULT OF THE ATTACKS OF MARCH 13 AND MARCH 30. THE MAIN H.Q. FELL ABOUT 5.30 P.M. ON MAY 7, "ISABELLE" AT 2 A.M., MAY 8.



A VIETNAMESE SOLDIER BEING TAKEN INTO A SHELTER FOR FIRST-AID TREATMENT. VIETNAMESE TROOPS AND THAI IRREGULARS COMPRISED ABOUT A THIRD OF THE GARRISON.

AND TRAGIC DEFENCE "IN THE HIGHEST OF THE FREE WORLD'S DETERMINATION."



Continued.]
to the tactics of World War I.; and the conditions of the defenders under almost constant artillery bombardment were compared by the French with the battles of Verdun in that war. Towards the end of the siege, the first rains came, and during the last days, what had been a dust-bowl became a sea of mud. The final attack began on
[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.) THE CONTINUOUS BOMBARDMENT OF DIEN BIEN PHU HAS BEEN COMPARED WITH THAT OF VERDUN IN WORLD WAR I. HERE A SOLDIER THROWS HIMSELF DOWN AS A SHELL APPROACHES.



FRENCH GUN CREWS MANNING AMERICAN-BUILT ARTILLERY—PROBABLY 105-MM. HOWITZERS—IN DIEN BIEN PHU. THREATENING CLOUDS HERALD THE APPROACH OF THE RAINY SEASON.



BURSTING ON VIET MINH POSITIONS JUST OUTSIDE THE PERIMETER OF THE AIRSTRIP SETTLED THE FATE OF THE GARRISON.



A WOUNDED FRENCH SOLDIER BEING CARRIED TO AN AID POST AMONG THE DEFENCES OF DIEN BIEN PHU.

Continued.]
the afternoon of May 6 with artillery bombardments of north and north-east positions which by evening grew to a general bombardment leading up to a general assault about 10 p.m. At about 2 a.m. on May 7, the south-west strong-point fell, and two hours later two strong-points on the eastern side. The north-east strong-point fell at last at about 10 a.m., and an hour later the whole camp was overrun, but the last stand at Brig.-Gen. de Castries' headquarters lasted until a few minutes after 5.30 p.m. During the last assault the Viet Minh used for the first time Russian-type 10-tube rocket-launching platforms, called "Stalin pipe-organs." Just before the end General de Castries ordered all able-bodied men to try to get away to the southern stronghold, "Isabelle"; but this, too, fell during a renewed night attack in the early hours of May 8.



REINFORCEMENTS TO THE SOUTHERN FORTRESS "ISABELLE," CROUCHING DOWN UNDER BOMBARDMENT AS THEY MADE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE COMMUNICATION TRENCHES.

(RIGHT.) A FRENCH DOCTOR CROUCHING TO BANDAGE A CASUALTY IN A SHELTER WHICH SERVED AS A FIRST-AID POST. CONDITIONS WERE VERY POOR FOR THE WOUNDED.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SOMETIMES, when one wrings an apparently passive object very hard, when one applies to the thing pressed a greater pressure than it can in nature endure, there arises from the subject of one's pressure a small cry or squeak! Most of us in our youthful experiments on the nature of matter encountered this phenomenon at an early stage of our development and registered a mental note of the fact at the time. It may have been a kitten's mew or a shrill protest from a younger brother or sister; it may only have been the screech of a rubber tube as we cornered our first bicycle at too sharp a speed.

The law that applies to little boys and kittens applies, too, to Governments and taxpayers. Reading a newspaper the other morning, I saw that Mr. Halford Reddish, chairman and managing director of the Rugby Portland Cement Company, had afforded, as chairmen of companies so often do, another illustration of it. This gentleman, speaking at the company's annual meeting, observed that Britain had to carry a heavier burden of taxation than any other nation, and that, as a result, the incentives to work harder were lacking, though the only effective answer to growing German and Japanese competition was to take off our coats and work harder than the Germans and Japanese, who were prepared to work for longer hours and for less reward than the British. "The fact is," he went on, "though no politician likes to admit it publicly, that we have in the Welfare State and the Social Services a burden beyond our present capacity, and which will rapidly increase every year. Politics are becoming more and more a matter for the mass bribery of what is to a great extent an economically illiterate electorate."*

In other words, Mr. Reddish, like a good many other people who are trying to produce exportable goods on an economic basis, finds the joint burden of present wages and taxation higher than is compatible with doing so. He foresees that during the next few years this difficulty, not to say impossibility, will become far greater and that, whatever the nominal strength of our financial position, we shall be driven out of our foreign markets by those who are able to trade without such a millstone round their necks. Either, it would seem, wages must be reduced or taxes must be reduced, or Britain will be priced out of the international commercial field.

There are many answers to this. Our financial system, based on what our mediæval forbears called usury and our Victorian ones banker's credit, is possibly out-of-date, and needs, for all its intricate and brilliantly operated machinery, a fundamental reassessment in the light of modern needs. There is too much elaboration of costly and, in its effect, restrictive bookkeeping: too much taking money out of one pocket to put it, with a great parade of meticulous accuracy, into another. Yet, though this may well be so, the simple fact remains that, by and large, the cost of producing goods in Britain is much higher than in many other lands, and that this constitutes a grave menace to our future. Somehow or other we have got to feed, clothe and house, let alone provide with schools, hospitals, cigarettes, films, athletic spectacles, and television-sets, 50,000,000 people on an island which is at present producing only about half their daily bread. We have got to sell goods on an economic basis—that is, at what is called by old-fashioned persons a profit, or starve. And unless we can overcome the problem to which Mr. Reddish refers, starve we certainly shall. We are far more likely to do so than we are to die under the impact of a hydrogen bomb. And, personally, of the two depths, I suspect we should find starvation the more unpleasant. It would take longer.

What is the remedy? The reduction of wages, even if a politically feasible operation, is scarcely a remedy at all, for a reduction of wages means—as the great depression of a quarter of a century ago proved—a reduction of internal purchasing-power and, as a result of falling orders, a new burden for British productive industry. And it is far better to pay high wages to a man engaged in productive industry than to pay a dole to an idle man. The dole-queue is the symbol of the economics of despair, and Britain to-day

cannot afford despair. What is wanted is a quickening of productive economic activity and a lifting of the weight of the unproductive from the back of the productive. There is only one sure and speedy way to achieve this: by reducing the tax-disincentive to the producer; by reducing, that is, the taxation of wages and productive industry. But, we are told, taxation cannot be reduced because the Government, with its vast defence, civil and social services, cannot be carried on with less than its existing revenue from taxes. And it is just here that common sense makes me believe that the remedy lies. It is not true to say that Government expenditure cannot be reduced. To anyone who walks about with his eyes open, it is obvious that it can be reduced in a thousand ways and at a thousand points. The Civil Service, in its employment of man-power and its use of materials for

public ends, has become—with the almost unchallenged power it has obtained in the past two decades—as lavish as any Edwardian millionaire and on a far vaster scale. Anyone, for instance, who takes a morning walk in the beautiful Royal Park that lies at my door—though it seems invidious and unjust to take this particular example merely because it happens to be under my nose—and counts the number of men employed in sweeping up leaves or weeding paths will know what I mean. Anyone, too, who has watched, over the past few years, the amount of labour and material devoted to making elaborate alterations and additions to the Swimming Lido in the same park, will appreciate this point. It is right that the men engaged on these tasks should be employed instead of standing in the streets, as they would have done before the war, idle and eating out their hearts. But it is wrong, when the country is in growing danger of losing its foreign markets through excessive labour-costs, that the cost of making the nation's bread-and-butter should be increased because the Civil Service is employing, directly or indirectly, more labour and materials on non-productive activities than those activities justify and require. It is doing so to-day all over the country, and on a scale which would send any private firm that employed the same methods out of business. The result is to increase the costs of production to the nation as a whole; it costs, for instance, a farmer more than it should to produce milk or meat or eggs, because he has to pay a crushing tax on the petrol which drives his tractor and van—absolute necessities to a farmer. That tax has to be levied to pay the excessive labour and other costs of the State services. Let me take one other example, culled also from a daily walk in a London park. Before the war one could walk all the year round in this park without meeting a motor-car on a footpath. To-day it has become difficult to take even the shortest walk in Hyde Park or



SAW OHN NYUN: A PORTRAIT BY SIR GERALD KELLY, P.R.A.

Saw Ohn Nyun is a beautiful and distinguished Shan Princess who has been painted a number of times by Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A. He is exhibiting a portrait of her in this year's Royal Academy at Burlington House; and we reproduced this in our issue of May 1, with an incorrect description. Saw Ohn Nyun is the wife of Sao Khun Mong, a son of the late Sawbwa of Kengtung, Lord of the Sunset, who was assassinated; and is a sister-in-law of the present Sawbwa. She is also a sister-in-law of Sao Boon Waat, Chargé d'Affaires at the Burmese Embassy, London. The portrait reproduced on this page is not on view in the Royal Academy—but it is one of the several fine paintings which Sir Gerald Kelly has made of Saw Ohn Nyun.

Reproduced by courtesy of Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A.

Kensington Gardens without encountering at least one touring-car driving along a pathway reserved for pedestrians. Sometimes these cars are taking short cuts across the Park from one carriage-way to another; sometimes they are carrying their occupiers to buildings or work which seldom lie more than a minute's walk from the nearest carriage-way. The implication, unless the police and park-keepers are grossly negligent of their duties—which I do not believe—is that all these private cars are occupied by employees of the Crown and paid and maintained by the taxpayer, for otherwise they would not be allowed to be where they are. In what way, one wonders, does all this deflection of productive power and raw material—of man-hours spent in making and maintaining these cars and in petrol and oil to drive them—contribute to the imperilled livelihood of this country? The only purpose it serves is to save Government employees from walking a few hundred yards in a public park or from travelling by public transport, which in London is ample for anyone's needs. And if it was not necessary before the war, why is it necessary now? Here is a way, I would suggest—and it is only one of thousands—in which Ministers of the Crown could enforce on the permanent officials of their Departments some sense of economy, in other words, of proportion, in their use of the nation's resources. The political party whose ministerial leaders first perform this salutary duty will not only deserve well of the country. If it enables them to reduce the burden of taxation and break the present deadlock of administrative inertia, it will win them the just reward of the electorate's approval.



(TOP.) THE QUEEN CEREMONIALLY TOUCHES THE KEYS OF GIBRALTAR PROFFERED TO HER BY THE GOVERNOR, LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GORDON MACMILLAN, WHILE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKS ON. (CENTRE AND RIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS.) WATCHING THEIR PARENTS GO ASHORE AT GIBRALTAR: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE ON BOARD BRITANNIA.

WHEN the Queen stepped ashore at Tower Wharf, Gibraltar, on May 10, from the Royal yacht *Britannia*, she was presented by the Governor, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Gordon Macmillan, with the keys of Gibraltar—the original great keys of the four gates, a heavy and shining bunch now held on a steel ring—and the symbolism of the occasion required no more than a touch from the Queen's right hand. Meanwhile two excited children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, watched the ceremony from the upper deck of the Royal Yacht *Britannia* in the company of two Leading Stokers of the Royal Yacht Service, and kept them busy by asking many questions.



THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL AT GIBRALTAR: THE CEREMONY OF THE KEYS, WITH THE ROYAL CHILDREN LOOKING ON.

FAREWELL TO TWO ISLANDS: THE QUEEN LEAVING MALTA AND GOZO, AND OTHER GOZO SCENES.



DURING THE FIRST VISIT OF ANY REIGNING SOVEREIGN TO THE ISLAND OF GOZO: H.M. THE QUEEN LEAVING THE PALACE OF THE BISHOP OF GOZO.



WAVING FAREWELL TO MALTA: THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE ROYAL BARGE BEFORE EMBARKING IN *BRITANNIA* IN GRAND HARBOUR.

The Queen received two stirring farewells on May 7. The first was when she left Grand Harbour, Malta, in the afternoon and sailed out to sea in *Britannia*, bound for the small neighbouring island of Gozo. At 6 p.m. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh landed on the island at the start of a two-hour visit, and the people of Gozo turned out in full strength to celebrate the first visit by any reigning sovereign. The Queen drove to the main square of Victoria, the capital, where she unveiled the



AFTER THE QUEEN HAD UNVEILED THE WAR MEMORIAL ON THE ISLAND OF GOZO: THE SCENE IN THE MAIN SQUARE OF VICTORIA DURING THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE.



WAVING FAREWELL TO GOZO: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LEAVING THE ISLAND AT DUSK AFTER THEIR TWO-HOUR VISIT ON MAY 7.

Gozo War Memorial. Afterwards her Majesty received a gift from the Bishop of Gozo, Mgr. Pace, on behalf of the people of Gozo, and then drove to the Bishop's palace, where she had tea. It was dusk as the barge, bearing the Royal visitors, took off for *Britannia*, but the little port of Mjiair resounded to the sound of cheering and shouts of farewell, and fireworks burst overhead. The Queen and the Duke then embarked in *Britannia* and sailed for Gibraltar.



WITH THE GUARD OF HONOUR STANDING TO ATTENTION: THREE-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS ANNE GOING ASHORE FROM THE ROYAL BARGE AT CUSTOM HOUSE STEPS, VALLETTA. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND THE LITTLE PRINCESS LATER WATCHED THE QUEEN REVIEWING A PARADE OF THE COMBINED SERVICES.



A MEETING BETWEEN THE ROYAL LINER *GOthic* AND HER MAJESTY'S YACHT *BRITANNIA*: *GOthic* STEAMING PAST THE MOORED *BRITANNIA* AS SHE LEFT GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TRAVELLED 19,000 MILES IN THE S.S. *GOthic* DURING THE COMMONWEALTH TOUR.

IN GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA: PRINCESS ANNE GOING ASHORE; AND A MEETING BETWEEN *GOthic* AND *BRITANNIA*.

The Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne attended their first "official" function of the tour on May 4, when they watched, from a hotel balcony overlooking Floriana parade ground, the Queen reviewing a Combined Services parade of 500 troops. The Royal children came ashore at Custom

House Steps, accompanied by their nurse and governess. On this page (left) we show the little Princess looking in some amazement at the guard of honour standing to attention. Our other photograph shows *Britannia* moored in Grand Harbour as the S.S. *Gothic* steamed past, en route for London.

HEROIC MALTA WELCOMES THE QUEEN: EPISODES OF THE ROYAL VISIT.



THE STATE BALL AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, VALLETTA, ON MAY 4: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WATCHING *IL MALTJA*, A MALTESE DANCE.



ARRIVING AT THE STATE BALL: THE QUEEN WITH THE GOVERNOR, SIR GERALD CREASY, PASSING BETWEEN LINES OF GUESTS IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME.



A YOUTHFUL CITIZEN GREETES THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE IN CORRECT COURT STYLE: A LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL CURTSEYING AS THE ROYAL CAR APPROACHES.



AFTER THE CURTSEY, THE PRESENTATION: THE LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL STRETCHING UP ON TIPTOE TO HAND THE BOUQUET TO HER MAJESTY.



GIFTS FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE: MALTESE CHILDREN DISPLAYING THE MODEL OF A MALTESE CAB; AND A DOLL IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME, WHICH THE QUEEN ACCEPTED.



ACCEPTING A MODEL MALTESE CAB FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE, AT THE CHILDREN'S RALLY.

The Royal visit to Malta had a special flavour, for nowhere outside the British Isles are her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh so well known as they are in the George Cross Island. One of the formal events of the programme was the State Ball held in the Governor's Palace, Valletta. For this the Queen wore a lovely dress of blue tulle and lace; and on arrival she and the Duke passed through lines of guests in eighteenth-century costume, who later performed a Maltese national dance, *Il Maltija*. Children played a prominent part in the events, and a

particularly delightful episode was provided by the presentation of a bouquet to her Majesty by a very small girl, who made an admirable Court curtsy as the car approached; and then stood on tip-toe to present the flowers to the Queen. At the Children's Rally of May 3, held on the Floriana Granaries—a great open space—her Majesty accepted from a little boy a perfect model of a Maltese cab, complete with lanterns, bells and other accessories, for the Duke of Cornwall; and a doll, beautifully dressed in nineteenth-century costume for Princess Anne.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN AT MALTA: A POLO MATCH AND A MILITARY OCCASION.



THE ROYAL CHILDREN AT MALTA: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE LANDING FROM THE ROYAL BARGE FOR AN AFTERNOON VISIT TO THE ISLAND.



THE ROYAL CHILDREN, WITH THE QUEEN AND COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND EARL MOUNTBATTEN, AT THE POLO GROUND.



THE ROYAL CHILDREN WITH THE QUEEN AND COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN ON THEIR WAY TO WATCH A POLO MATCH BETWEEN ARMY AND NAVY TEAMS, IN WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SCORED A GOAL, AND ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN TWO GOALS.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, FOLLOWED BY THE GOVERNOR OF MALTA, SIR GERALD CREASY, ENTERING THE HOTEL FROM WHICH HE SAW THE QUEEN REVIEW A PARADE OF THE COMBINED SERVICES.

Malta has an especial interest in the Royal family and the various trips ashore of the Royal children have aroused the greatest interest and enthusiasm among the Maltese. Perhaps the most notable among these occasions was that of May 4, when the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne came ashore to see their mother review a parade of about 1500 men of the Combined Services. This they saw

from the balcony on the second floor of an hotel. Crowds lined the streets to cheer them on their way there, and their reactions to the military ceremony were the object of general attention. On the afternoon of the following day, May 5, they came ashore to watch a polo match at the Marsa polo ground. In this match, for the Rundle Cup, the Navy beat the Army by 4 goals to 2.



IN writing about recent acquisitions at Leeds, I found the pictures and drawings of the Lupton bequest crowding out various things which would normally have attracted attention—certainly the writing-table of Fig. 3. The Corporation owns one library table in the so-called Gothic manner which can be ascribed to Chippendale's workshop, and as Thomas Chippendale was born at Otley, close by, it is natural enough that the Gallery should be on the lookout for other pieces from the same remarkable maker. One came to hand a year ago in the shape of a knee-hole writing-table with canted corners, singularly crisp and graceful carving, and an unusual design. While there



FIG. 1. A HEPPLEWHITE MARQUETRY CARD-TABLE, WITH A SERPENTINE-SHAPED FOLDING TOP INLAID IN VARIOUS WOODS. ONE OF A PAIR.

The top of this Hepplewhite marquetry card-table, one of a pair, is inlaid in various woods with bouquets of flowers tied by ribands, and insects; and the friezes with husk festoons suspended from foliage *patera* on a harewood ground in kingwood borders. The top opens out to form the card-table. (By courtesy of Christie's.)

is as yet no documentary evidence (original accounts, for example), it is clear from the crest at the top of the canted corners that the piece was made for the then Lord Crewe; it is equally clear from the quality of the carving that no pains were spared. The top is veneered in partridge wood, with a satinwood band, the body is mahogany; the corners are veneered in satinwood, upon which are mounted the flower designs, with the crest above. This use of satinwood as a backing to mahogany carving must be very rare, and is carried out in this piece to the extent of treating both the handle-plates and the apron over the knee-hole in a similar way. The photograph is sufficiently clear to allow one to see the lighter wood behind the dark mahogany, and also the fine quality of the carving, not merely of the corner pieces but of the handle-plates—the latter a very special refinement.

While this very rich treatment of a beautiful wood is not to everyone's taste, there is no question about either the quality or the authenticity of this writing-desk; and it is not surprising that the Gallery is pleased with its purchase. A style which owes so much to the care and skill of the man who actually carves this applied ornament and which makes such demands upon him is obviously running considerable risks; once an enterprising business man tries to cheapen the process, the results can be appalling, as witness innumerable clumsy imitations of the 1830's and later, and even in so luxurious and beautifully balanced a piece as this (I suppose it can be dated to the 1760's) many will feel that the designer sailed very close to the danger line. Put in another way, this means that the writing-table would still be a fine thing even

if these applied carvings had been omitted and the grain of the mahogany had been allowed to speak for itself.

The point is, I think, that the standard of craftsmanship was so high at this period that both design and carving could become a single whole, as I suggest is the case with the torchère, or candle-stand, of Fig. 2, which (as one of a pair) came up for sale at Christie's recently. These two have long been recognised as minor masterpieces of English furniture, both for the grace of the curves with which the structure is built up and for the beautiful workmanship of every inch of them—all 55 inches—they are difficult things to photograph, but the illustration gives some idea of the detail, though it cannot show such meticulous points as the moulded and waved borders to the top, nor the turned, vase-shaped finial which crowns the centre of the lower portion. You can, however, see the curved legs, scroll feet and block toes of this lower portion, and the finely carved acanthus leaves and wave ornament above.

It so happens that in the same sale were a pair of later card-tables (Fig. 1) of the 1780's which serve admirably to illustrate both the change of fashion which marked the end of what we call loosely and not very accurately the Chippendale style *par excellence*. I say inaccurately because Chippendale was as flexible in changing his style as anybody else, as witness the work he carried out to the ideas of Robert Adam. Nor are we necessarily more accurate in labelling these card-tables Hepplewhite, though to be sure it is convenient to use the name of this excellent cabinet-maker to indicate a particular style—a smoother, easier combination of curves, in this case with a minimum of carving. The only carving on these elegant tables is found on the knees (shell medallions bordered with scrolls and husks) and just below the frieze in the centre. It is worth taking a careful look at the inlay. First the frieze—festoons of husks curving over little foliage *patera* on a harewood ground with kingwood borders. Then the top—bouquets of flowers (and

insects) tied together by ribands in inlays of various woods. The serpentine tops open out to form the card-table, and there is a double gate-leg action at the back to support the flap. The legs are moulded and terminate in French scroll feet. Simple enough to the eye, but, in fact, as luxurious a piece as the more obviously complicated carved writing-table or torchère.

Reading over the above I see three woods are mentioned which are perhaps a little outside most people's experience—or, rather, many will see them and call them by some other name. Partridge wood began to come over from Brazil in the seventeenth century. It was well-named, for the grain does resemble the brown and red partridge feather. It was used purely for inlay, as in the case of the Chippendale piece of Fig. 3—and so, for that matter, were the vast majority of these out-of-the-way woods. Harewood is by no means so exotic, for it is merely that forest-weed sycamore, masquerading as something genuinely important. Apparently some ingenious cabinet-maker towards the end of the eighteenth century hit upon the device of staining sycamore with oxide of iron and found it produced a pleasant greenish-grey colour. How the name became attached to it I don't know. Guessing wildly, and probably foolishly, can it have been derived from Harewood House, near Leeds, whose present owner's ancestors were notable patrons of the best cabinet-makers? It would not be unreasonable to name a wood after an honoured customer. However, that is probably nonsense—just as it may be nonsense to believe that kingwood was named thus as a compliment to Louis XV., though it is by no means impossible. It came first to France from South America early in the eighteenth century, and is not unlike rosewood, which I am told is found in both India and Brazil, and was known in Europe as early as the sixteenth century. As far as I am aware, the whole story of the various timbers used at one period and another by cabinet-makers has never been adequately dealt with. To write such a history properly would require the enthusiasm of a John Evelyn for forestry combined with the experience of an actual worker in wood, for there are dozens of varieties, many of them extremely difficult to identify when they can only be seen as small pieces of veneer decorating a table-top.

The mention of the word veneer leads me to another query. The word has come to imply something superficial and unsound when it is not used in its technical sense. How absurd!—for without veneers there could not be fine furniture as we understand it. It is a curious example of an honest word losing caste—a "veneer of good manners," and so forth, as if what lies beneath is necessarily shoddy. Perhaps, too, we have to thank Charles Dickens for fixing this notion permanently in our heads with one of his ingenious surnames—Mr. Veneering, in "Our Mutual Friend"—a very shallow, silly fellow if ever there was one.

By FRANK DAVIS.



FIG. 2. AN EXTREMELY ELEGANT CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY TORCHÈRE, WITH MOULDED CABRIOLE SUPPORTS WITH CURVED LEGS AND SCROLL FEET. ONE OF A PAIR.

This Chippendale mahogany torchère, or candle-stand, one of a pair, has moulded and waved borders to the top, an open C-scroll and moulded cabriole supports with curved legs and scroll feet with block toes, finely carved with acanthus foliage and wave ornament. (By courtesy of Christie's.)



FIG. 3. WITH CARVED FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE IN MAHOGANY MOUNTED ON SATINWOOD: A MAHOGANY WRITING-TABLE, THE TOP VENEERED IN PARTRIDGE WOOD, BY CHIPPENDALE, c. 1760.

This splendid writing-table in mahogany, with carved flowers and foliage in mahogany mounted on satinwood, was made by Thomas Chippendale for the then Lord Crewe in 1760; and is a recent acquisition at Temple Newsam, Leeds. (By courtesy of the Leeds Art Gallery.)



TAKING THE SALUTE AT A MARCH-PAST ON BOARD H.M.S. *EAGLE* AT MALTA: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

On the morning of May 5 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went on board the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Eagle* in Grand Harbour, Malta, when her Majesty took the salute at a march-past, to the accompaniment of a band of the Royal Marines, of the 2000 officers and men of the ship's company. It will be remembered that the Queen, as Princess Elizabeth, launched H.M.S. *Eagle* from Harland and Wolff's shipyard in Belfast in March 1946. Later the Royal visitors inspected aircraft, bombs and the safety equipment in the upper hangar. The Queen spent

a long time on the flight deck, though it was difficult to walk about on account of the strength of the wind, which can be seen by the flapping collars of the four sailors standing at the after end of the carrier. Later, the Queen and the Duke went on board the cruiser H.M.S. *Glasgow*, at that time flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet, and were received by Admiral Lord Mountbatten as C. in C. Mediterranean. H.M.S. *Glasgow* was the senior ship of the Royal yacht *Britannia's* escort during the first stage of the Queen's return home.

WRITING recently on "the Northern Flank," I said that I hoped later to give some further and more general impressions of Finland. Now that I take up my pen, I am conscious of how inadequate those impressions may be. Those who constitute themselves interpreters of a country which they have never seen before, on the strength of a short and hurried visit, are justly made fun of. My best excuses are that I have always been interested in Finland, and that it is not very well known to us, not nearly as well known as Norway, Sweden and Denmark, about which I wrote from a particular point of view in the articles mentioned. I believe Finland is less known than it was before the Second World War, and that it attracts fewer British tourists. Some people even seem to think that it is not quite safe. Some actually believe that it is "behind the Iron Curtain." While I was there, a map published in a weekly paper which described it as being so, was being commented on with surprise and disfavour by English-speaking Finns.

Finland is very far from being behind the Iron Curtain. Its Government is very far from being Communist. It is completely independent. The Press, while exercising a certain reasonable caution, reports world news objectively and speaks its mind. As for conversation in public, that is untrammelled on political matters. The Russian view on the subject would seem to have been sensible and practical: Finland was defeated in 1944; in the peace treaty Russia took over all such strategic territory as she required and established a strong military position; she limited the strength of the Finnish armed forces; on the other hand, the Russian ideology made no appreciable progress in Finland; therefore, hard pressure on this small but stubborn people did not appear to be worth while. Perhaps this summary is over-simplified, but it represents roughly the situation, at least so far as it can be divined. The only difference between a visit to Finland and one to Norway, Sweden or Denmark, is that a passport visa is required in the former case and not in the latter.

One other feature of the peace settlement was that Finland was required, as a war indemnity, to supply Russia, without payment, with a long list of goods. The country went through a hard time in the process. For the first few years after the war its industries were working almost entirely for Russia. However, everyone buckled to the task and got it completed. Thenceforth trade became normal. Yet the weight of this burden added to the inflationary trouble, which would, in any case, have resulted from the wars. (I use the plural advisedly and correctly: Finland took part in two wars during the period of the Second World War—from 1939 to early 1940 and from 1941 to 1944.) The mark fell heavily in value. To-day it stands on approximately the same level as the French franc, something under a thousand to the English pound. Yet trade has been improving. Finland has opened up new markets for her paper and pulp in the Eastern Mediterranean. Her manufactures have also expanded, notably electrical equipment of various types. Her new factories are thoroughly up-to-date. I do not know her economy well enough to judge whether she is moving to a more prosperous future, but this seems possible. The economic basis is narrow. All stands on the "green gold" of the forests.

Talking one evening to the manager of a small British business enterprise in the provinces, he remarked how pleasant and surprising it was to deal with merchants who were completely honest and never went back on the terms of an agreement. As I could well believe in the case of so tough a people, he said that they were the most formidable of bargainers, but that once they said "Yes" you were safe. Some of their own bargains, between Finn and Finn, are made in bars over glasses of schnapps, and sealed by a handshake. My informant had lived in half-a-dozen European countries, which I need not specify. A blunt sort of honesty is undoubtedly a prominent Finnish characteristic. In the biggest bank in Helsinki—the only one which I entered—there was not a rail covering any of the counters, and most of the cashiers were women. I was told that the bank liked to establish close relations with its customers, and I replied that these would be uncomfortably close in London or New York. The Finn, with drink inside him, can be quarrelsome enough, but robbery with violence is a relatively rare crime in his country.

I believe the conception of the Finnish people as honest and good-hearted but rough, is fairly common amongst us. This conception, however, takes no account of the most interesting feature, the high standard of civilisation and culture. Educated Finns are great readers. Education itself is advanced. Modern Finnish art is of more than respectable quality, though in great part derivative and not very original. One well-to-do young business man in whose charming

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FINLAND TO-DAY

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

house I had luncheon spent most of his leisure in painting. The favourite English fiction of these Lutherans seems to be the novels of Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh, tastes which are not to be despised. Dickens one might expect, since he is read in so many countries. Though Finland has been to a certain extent isolated since the war—partly, it would seem, by her currency troubles—the people are in touch with world culture.

English studies take a prominent place in education. There is a chain of Finnish-British societies. Similar societies exist in Norway, Sweden and Denmark, but those of Finland have a feature which I did not meet with in the other northern countries. The most lively

managers of several nationalities, I asked to see the British manager. Business completed, he invited me to come behind the scenes because he thought I should be interested in the arrangements for the welfare and comfort of the staff. They were well worth seeing; indeed, I never saw anything comparable. There were big, comfortable, but at the same time gay and attractive, rest-rooms, reading-rooms and dining-rooms, furnished in modern style. The kitchens were ultra-modern and speckless. The midday meal was served without charge, and an evening meal could be obtained at very low cost, so as to save a preliminary journey home for those who were going to spend the evening "down town."

The British manager did not claim that there was anything like this to be found elsewhere in Finland, but he said that the standards of welfare were generally good. These matters, however, concern only business and industry. A large proportion of the population consists of farmers, generally small, but prosperous in a moderate way. The Agrarian party is at times the strongest, and even when it is not, is within two or three of its strongest rival—the Finn is the despair of electioneering politicians and canvassers; he goes to meetings of other parties sometimes, but nearly always votes for that for which he has always voted. The farmer's life is hard, and many people would find it dull. The whole country is, of course, under snow throughout a long winter. When I was there in the latter part of March the days were relatively mild, with slight frosts at night, but the farmers were still using horse-drawn sleighs, and ice-breakers were still needed in the ports. Everyone looks forward almost with anguish to Finland's glorious season, the spring, when the birches are in leaf and the thousand lakes sparkle in the sun.

I suppose most people realise that there is a considerable Swedish element in Finland, which was for some time a Swedish possession until Russia seized it just on a century-and-a-half ago. Swedish is the first language of about 10 per cent. of the population. The Swedish party has always been a power in the Diet, but now its numbers are gradually, though very slightly, declining. I believe it lost two seats at the last General Election. The reason is not difficult to discover, and to an outsider like myself it stands for one of the less admirable features of Finnish internal policy. Swedish, or "Swedo-Finn" families are induced to send their sons to Finnish schools because preference is given to pupils of these schools in public appointments. One observer told me that he considered the Swedo-Finns would be fully amalgamated in two generations at most. This seems a pity, because they have contributed so much to Finland. On the other hand, little or no hostility between the two entirely different races exists. Both languages are recognised, and several Swedish papers are published. The late Field Marshal Mannerheim, who had not a drop of native Finnish blood in his veins, is the national hero. I used to glance at marriage announcements in Swedish papers and noted that there were numerous "mixed marriages."

One proof that Finns can say what they like is to be found in their national cult of "the Winter War," that is the war of 1939-1940. They are, with good reason, proud of that losing fight. I was invited to meet a group of generals who had taken part in it, though, unhappily for me, they belonged to a generation in which the English tongue was uncommon. One white-haired veteran spoke it fairly well. "Come again in the spring," he said, "and I will hand you over to the Frontier Guard, who will pass you from post to post."

Then he clapped me on the back and went on: "Young fellows like you and me do not mind roughing it a little." I said I did not, and that the only thing about the Frontier Guard I feared was the schnapps. I had to confess ignorance of the second war. He said that this, too, was of great interest and that an almost unwritten chapter of history intervened between the two.

These are but random and, in some cases, trivial memories. The abiding impression left by Finland is the contrast between the primitive and the high standard of civilisation. This is also the most attractive aspect of Finnish life. I would that I were, in fact, as young a fellow as the general pretended. If I were, I should make every effort to visit Finland again, and next time it would be in May instead of March. I cannot, however, make plans in advance as freely as was once the case, though when I am wound up for fairly arduous travel I am still able to stand it.

HER MAJESTY'S RETURN: THE COVER OF OUR SPECIAL "WELCOME HOME" NUMBER.



BEARING A PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AND, IN THE BORDER, COATS-OF-ARMS OF THE COMMONWEALTH COUNTRIES VISITED DURING THE ROYAL TOUR: THE COLOURED COVER OF OUR SPECIAL "WELCOME HOME" NUMBER.

The great occasion of the return of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh from the historic tour of the Commonwealth, which is due to take place to-day, May 15, is being fitly commemorated in a special "Welcome Home" number of *The Illustrated London News*, which will be on sale on May 22. In addition to our usual features, this number will contain a special section of eight pages in Full Colour which will include portraits of the Queen and the Duke and their children, and illustrations connected with the tour; and other notable subjects; and a very large section devoted to the actual home-coming, a historic event, and an occasion for rejoicing. Indeed, it is a day to which London has long been looking forward as an opportunity for affirming the great love and loyalty which all her subjects at home—in common with those overseas—feel for her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. This exceptionally interesting special number will be received, without any extra charge, by regular subscribers; single copies are priced at 4s., and orders for these should be placed without delay, to avoid possible disappointment.

Finnish-British societies engage British secretaries—teachers—I believe the number which have them is upwards of thirty. They are young graduates of both sexes. When convenient, a male secretary-teacher is followed by a girl. These British visitors are engaged and paid by the societies. I know nothing about the financial arrangements, but I should imagine that the local paper-mill company or the individual business man of means subscribe substantially. Whether or not this is the case, the practice furnishes evidence of enthusiasm. I need hardly say that the aims of members of the societies are in part material—to learn the English language. It is spoken extremely well by many, especially of the younger generation. Over and above that object is a genuine interest in English literature and, indeed, in all things British.

Finland is a capitalist state. This suits the national temperament, because, though the

"OPERATION ANVIL"—THE GREAT CLEAN-UP OF MAU MAU TERRORISTS IN NAIROBI.



A ROAD IN THE KIKUYU RESERVE BEING CLEARED OF BUSH FOR 30 YARDS EACH SIDE, IN ORDER TO MINIMISE AMBUSH ATTEMPTS.



HACKING THE UNDERGROWTH ON THE SIDE OF A ROAD LEADING TO KANGEMA, A TROUBLE SPOT IN THE FORT HALL DISTRICT: LOYAL KIKUYU WOMEN, DURING THE RENEWED ANTI-MAU MAU OFFENSIVE, "OPERATION ANVIL."



HELD FOR QUESTIONING: KIKUYU SUSPECTS, AT A CAMP OUTSIDE NAIROBI. THOSE DETAINED CAN BE HELD INDEFINITELY UNDER THE EMERGENCY REGULATIONS.



BEING ROUNDED UP IN A BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURE IN NAIROBI: KIKUYU SUSPECTS BEFORE BEING SENT TO A RECEPTION CAMP FOR "SCREENING."



WHERE SUSPECTS ARE "SCREENED": A RECEPTION CAMP JUST OUTSIDE NAIROBI. THOSE NOT RELEASED LIVE IN THE TENTS UNTIL SENT TO DETENTION CAMPS NEAR THE SEA.



AFTER AN OPERATION IN THE MAU MAU INFESTED MT. KENYA FOREST: AN ELGEYO COMBAT TEAM RETURNING TO THEIR BASE CAMP IN THE ELGEYO DISTRICT.

Since the negotiations with the Mau Mau terrorists for a mass surrender broke down, operations in Kenya have been pursued with renewed vigour. By far the most important of these was "Operation Anvil"—a joint military, police and administration plan to re-establish law and order in Nairobi—which began at dawn on April 24. At the time of writing, in this operation and the police operations immediately preceding it, 24,000 Kikuyu, Embu and Meru tribesmen have been detained for intensive "screening" in camps at Langata, near Nairobi, and

Mackinnon Road and Manyani, between Voi and Tsavo. To date, some 400 women and 6000 children have been sent to their tribal reserves by train and bus. Women known to be actively Mau Mau have been detained. The force of 24,000 is about a quarter of Nairobi's African population. More than 4000 British and African troops, Nairobi's entire police force and African levies have been used in "Operation Anvil," and it is intended to detain many thousands more over a period of weeks, although future operations will be on a smaller scale.



THE CEREMONY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S KEYS: THE FINALE AT THE CONVENT, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR, WHO IS RECEIVING THE KEYS FROM THE TURNKEY AFTER THAT OFFICIAL'S VISITS TO EACH OF THE MAJOR GATES. THE CEREMONY IS NOW MOUNTED ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS ONLY.



THE NIGHTLY EXODUS OF SPANISH WORKPEOPLE FROM GIBRALTAR TO THE MAINLAND: CROWDS PASSING THROUGH GRAND CASEMATES SQUARE—MANY CARRYING BUNDLES WHOSE CONTENTS MAY NOT AT ALL BE ABOVE SUSPICION FROM THE CUSTOMS POINT OF VIEW. THE RADIO STATION AND THE OLD MOORISH CASTLE ARE SEEN BEHIND.

CEREMONIAL AND INFORMALITY AT GIBRALTAR: "QUEEN ELIZABETH'S KEYS" AND THE NIGHTLY EXODUS OF SPANISH WORKERS.

On this page our Artist has illustrated two well-known and strongly contrasted scenes at Gibraltar, which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were due to visit on May 10-11. The ancient ceremony of the Sovereign's Keys, once held daily, is now mounted on special occasions only. The finale takes place at the sixteenth-century Convent, once a Franciscan convent, now the residence of the Governor, who receives the Keys back from the Turnkey after that official has visited each major gate in turn. His Excellency arranged to present the Keys to her Majesty when she disembarked on May 10 at the Naval Dockyard.

Many Spanish workpeople are employed at Gibraltar, and at the end of the day they make a mass exodus from the Rock, pouring down from the dockyard works to the exit gates, where they go over to the Spanish mainland by boat and bus, passing through Grand Casemates Square, the exit on the side of the old Water Gate, many laden with bundles whose contents may not all be above suspicion from the customs point of view. Towering above the scene in our sketch are the heights of the Rock surrounded by the radio station; and the old Moorish castle erected by the Berber conqueror, Tarik Ibn Zeyad, who landed in 711 A.D.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



ONE ASPECT OF GIBRALTAR'S WATER SUPPLY ARRANGEMENTS: WATER VENDORS REFILLING THEIR CASKS AT THE WATER POINT AT GOVERNOR'S PARADE, FROM WHENCE IT IS DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT THE TOWN.



SHOWING A TRAFFIC CONGESTION WHICH RIVALS THAT OF LONDON: THE NARROW ONE-WAY MAIN STREET, CALLE REAL, OR WATERPORT STREET, IN GIBRALTAR TOWN, WHERE THE CHIEF SHOPS, POST OFFICE AND CATHEDRAL ARE SITUATED. THE TOWN LIES BENEATH THE WEST FACE OF THE ROCK, OPPOSITE TO ALGERIAS

GIBRALTAR'S DAILY LIFE: SCENES IN THE LAST PORT OF CALL ON THE HISTORIC ROYAL COMMONWEALTH TOUR.

During the visit of her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh to Gibraltar—the last port of call on the historic Royal Commonwealth Tour—they were expected to fulfil a considerable programme of engagements. These included visits to underground installations in the Rock, which is heavily fortified, and to the City Council Waterworks. The last-named are actually vast reservoirs in the Rock in which the rain water collected by artificially constructed catchments is stored. Some vendors still fill their casks at the water point at Governor's Parade and distribute water. The water supply is supplemented by water from wells on

the isthmus, and is further improved by the installation of a modern plant of limited capacity for distilling sea water. The town of Gibraltar, which is situated on the west face of the Rock, facing Algiers, has a narrow Main Street also called Calle Real and Waterport Street. This is usually crowded with vehicular traffic and pedestrians, who include many Service men. On May 10 the Queen arranged to see a display by schoolchildren at Victoria Stadium. The juvenile population of Gibraltar is fairly large, as in 1952 there were 1400 children between the ages of five and fifteen in Government schools.



THE NORTHERN BASTION OF "THE PILLARS OF HERCULES": GREAT EUROPA POINT, WITH ITS LIGHTHOUSES, FACING THE AFRICAN COAST AND CEUTA, NEAR WHICH WAS THE PROMONTORY OF ABYLA, THE SOUTHERN "PILLAR OF HERCULES"; AND (LEFT) FORTIFICATIONS OF GIBRALTAR.



CONTAINING THE GRAVES OF BRITISH HEROES OF TRAFALGAR AND OTHER NAVAL ACTIONS, INCLUDING ONE OFF ALGECIRAS ON JULY 6, 1801: THE TRAFALGAR CEMETERY, GIBRALTAR, WITH NAVAL RATINGS READING THE EPITAPHS.

THE FAMOUS BRITISH COLONY AND FORTRESS WHICH THE QUEEN ARRANGED TO VISIT ON MAY 10 AND 11: ASPECTS OF GIBRALTAR.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were due to arrive at the British Crown Colony and Fortress of Gibraltar on May 10, and during the two days of their stay to carry out a full programme. Gibraltar, whose arms consist of a golden castle and key, in token of its position as the guardian fortress of the Western Mediterranean, was ceded to the British by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The ancient Greek and Roman geographers knew the Rock as Calpe, and with the African promontory of Abyla, it formed the "Pillars of Hercules," considered to mark the entrance to the ocean. One of our Artist's sketches shows Great Europa

Point at the southern end of the Rock. One of the two lighthouses is no longer in use; and some of the rock installations of Gibraltar are indicated on the left of the drawing. Trafalgar Cemetery, shown in the lower drawing, is situated just outside the South Port Gate; and is of much historical interest, as it was used for the burial of members of the British forces and their families between 1708-1835. The remains of men who fell or died of wounds in the naval actions off Algeciras, July 6, 1801; Trafalgar, October 21, 1805; Cadiz, November 23, 1810; and Malaga, April 29, 1812, lie there.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



GIBRALTAR FROM THE SPANISH MAINLAND: A VIEW OF THE ROCK, WHICH RISES TO A HEIGHT OF 1396 FT., AND IS 3 MILES LONG AND THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE WIDE, AS IT APPEARS FROM THE REINA CRISTINA HOTEL GOLF COURSE, ALGECIRAS.



WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, THE "RITZ HOTEL," THEIR H.Q.; SOME OF THE BARBARY APES OF GIBRALTAR, SWARMING OVER THE CAR IN WHICH OUR ARTIST WAS DRIVING, WHILE ONE IS HOLDING THE WINDSCREEN WIPER, WHICH IT HAD PULLED OFF, AND REFUSED TO GIVE UP.

GIBRALTAR—VIEWED FROM ALGECIRAS: AND THE ROCK'S BARBARY APES, WHICH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ARRANGED TO SEE.

The Rock of Gibraltar, a mass of grey limestone with a few sandstone beds, heaved up by volcanic action, rises to 1396 ft. in the peak known as Highest Point. This Crown Colony and British fortress, which the Queen and the Duke arranged to visit on May 10 and 11, was the last port of call on the historic Royal Commonwealth tour. Our Artist's sketch of it from the Reina Cristina Hotel Golf Links, Algeciras, gives an idea of its aspect from the Spanish mainland looking at its west side, with the lighthouses of Great Europa Point just visible on the extreme

right. The Queen and the Duke planned to visit the Rock Apes on May 11. These are the only wild monkeys in Europe and their welfare is carefully attended to. A superstition links their presence with the British rule on Gibraltar. Their H.Q., known as the "Ritz Hotel," is near Prince Ferdinand's Battery, by the Queen's Gate, with its two big guns forming pillars, as shown in our sketch. Any car that stops near this point is besieged by the apes. The car in which our Artist was driving had its windscreen wiper detached and the rubber chewed up by one.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CHINCHILLA: THE ANDEAN PARADOX.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SOUTH AMERICA has a rodent fauna which by all accounts is peculiar. It includes the soft-furred caviés, the Brazilian member of this group having given us the domesticated guinea-pig. The beaver-like coypu, or nutria, is also well known, the value of its fur having led to the establishment of fur farms in the U.S.A., in England and other parts of Europe. Less well known is the pacarana, looking like a giant guinea-pig, 2 ft. long, the paca, the rabbit-like agoutis, with long, slender legs and hoof-like claws on the three toes of each hind-foot, and the pig-like capybara, heavily built and four feet in length. There are many others besides, including the tree porcupines, with prehensile tails, and South America has justly been called the "home of rodents." But of all these unusual rodents the greatest paradox is found in the chinchilla.

The contradictory qualities in this instance include the following. The name chinchilla is almost a household word, yet remarkably few people outside South America have seen the live animal or know anything of it but the barest details. Although it has been hunted for its fur for at least four centuries, and although, to quote Sir W. Paish, writing in 1852, "thousands of dozens of skins . . . are yearly collected for exportation to Europe," the number of specimens in the museums of the world is so small that the animal itself constitutes a zoological puzzle. Moreover, the chances of increasing those collections from wild sources are remote. On account of the high prices commanded by the skins in the Victorian period, when chinchilla tippets, collars, muffs and even whole coats were all the rage, the rodent was at the beginning of this century on the verge of extinction. At one time the chinchilla was thought actually to be extinct, but although exterminated in many parts of its range, the Andes of Chile, Peru and Bolivia, and sorely reduced in the remaining localities, it did actually survive. Proof of this lies in the fact that in 1920 an American took a dozen chinchilla to the U.S.A., to leave his son a millionaire and to start a new industry, chinchilla-farming. Already the chinchilla was protected by law and its hunting forbidden, but such is the inaccessibility of its native haunts and the lure of high prices that poaching could not be prevented. It may yet prove that the animal will be exterminated in its native home, yet be perpetuated in a new home, and both for the same motive.

Even if chinchilla-farming should increase in the U.S.A., and also in England and Europe, the zoological puzzle referred to is likely to remain. The puzzle is to know how many species of chinchilla there are—or were. Few people have essayed the task of classifying them, and all disagree, with the result that no one knows whether there are five species or one, whether there is one species with five races or three, or whether there are only two species. No matter how many are bred in captivity, or how many skins or skeletons find their way from the fur farms into the museums, the problem will remain unresolved. The zoologist when classifying looks askance at specimens bred in captivity, for two reasons at least. Classification depends partly upon external characters, such as proportions of the body, nature of the fur, size of ears, length of tail, and so on. It depends probably more on the characters of the skull. It is common experience that in captive

animals bony structures are subject to degeneration, or at least alterations in shape, as compared with the wild animals. External characters, such as the fur, also stand the same risk of alteration. In farmed animals, too, there is always the chance of changes due to cross-breeding or selection.



FROM THE BLEAK MOUNTAINS OF THE ANDES: THE GENTLE, SOFT-FURRED CHINCHILLA, WHICH LIVES AT 20,000 FT. AND HAS SMALLER EARS AND A SHORTER TAIL, AS WELL AS A MORE DOCILE TEMPERAMENT, THAN ITS RELATIVES AT 8000 FT. OR LESS. SPEEDY IN MOVEMENT AND A MASTER OF CAMOUFLAGE, IT IS PROTECTED BY ITS FUR FROM THE COLD AND IS ABLE TO SUBSIST ON THE MOST ARID AND MEAGRE VEGETABLE DIET. IT PROBABLY OWES ITS SURVIVAL PARTLY TO THE REMARKABLY LONG PERIOD OF GESTATION.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

Those who deal in the fur itself recognise three varieties: those dealing commercially with the live animal speak of the long-tailed, long-eared chinchilla living at 8000 ft. or so, and the short-tailed, short-eared kind living at 20,000 ft. It might be thought that this last contributed something at least to the

say 20°C. Then there is the classic example of the species of the genus *Lepus* in North America. The Arizona jack rabbit (*Lepus alleni*) has markedly long ears. The jack rabbit (*L. californicus*) of Oregon, farther north, has shorter ears. The varying hare (*L. americanus*) of northern Minnesota has yet shorter ears, while the Arctic hare of the Barren Grounds of Canada (*L. arcticus*) has ears only half the length of those of the Arizona jack rabbit. So in four closely related species the ears are shorter as we travel from south to north, from hot regions to cold. (Parenthetically, "hare" and "rabbit" do not have the same connotation in North America that they have with us.)

If, therefore, chinchilla living at 8000 ft. have larger ears and longer tails than those living at 20,000 ft. this is precisely what we should expect from Allen's rule. And it does not follow that they represent two species. They could be races only of a single species.

D'Acosta, writing in 1604, spoke of the chinchilla as "... another kind of small beasts, like squirrels; they have a wonderful smooth and soft skinne. . . ." Others have likened them to rabbits. As we have seen, they are only remotely related to rabbits, nearer to the squirrels and nearer still—paradoxically since their soft fur contrasts so markedly with quills—to the porcupines. Their habits are largely their own. Ten inches or so long, exclusive of the tail, their bodies are covered with a silky gray fur, darkly mottled above and dusky white on the undersurface. The feet are without claws, the soles having the consistency almost of rubber. Chinchilla are said to live in communities, in burrows,

but from all accounts this communal life must have been rudely disturbed. At the lower altitudes roots and grasses are said to be their food, but at the bleak higher altitudes lichens must form their main subsistence.

Hardy yet relatively inoffensive, protected from the bleak winds by their coveted fur, chinchilla are

masters of the art of camouflage, the neutral colour of their fur, with its faint mottling, enabling them to fade into the ground when disturbed. The young ones, of which there are 5 or 6 to a litter, with two litters a year, are born fully furred and, for greater protection against the cold, rest nestling between the two parents, who squat side by side so that their fur joins to form a canopy over the offspring. There must, too, be some advantage from the long period of gestation, which is 115 days for those living at 8000 ft. and 125 days for those at 20,000 ft. The parent, weighing less than a rabbit, retains its young four times as long. It is significant that in so many survivors from the past, the so-called living fossils, there is an unusually long period of gestation or its equivalent. Presumably the young chinchilla enter the world having already passed through most of the stages of helpless infancy.

A final paradox: the word chinchilla is from the old Spanish, presumably a diminutive of *chinche*, a

bug, and seems to have been applied to the rodent under the mistaken impression that it had a foetid smell. Or it may have been in contradistinction from a larger and similar animal that had. At all events, Mr. F. Roberts, of Eastbourne, tells me that he once had eighteen pairs in his hotel bedroom in Chile without anyone but himself and his Chilean char knowing anything of it.



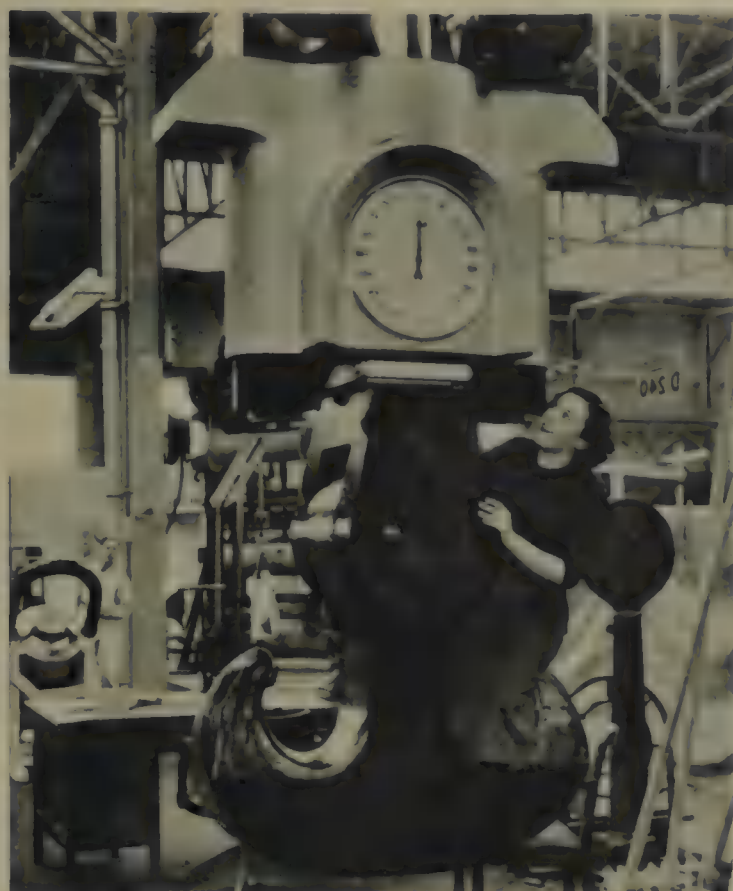
LIVING UP TO 8000 FT. IN THE ANDES: THE LONG-EARED, LONG-TAILED CHINCHILLA. ITS TAIL IS HALF THE LENGTH OF ITS BODY AND LESS HAIRY THAN THAT OF ITS RELATIVES LIVING ON THE BLEAK MOUNTAIN-TOPS. IT DIFFERS NOT ONLY IN THE SIZE OF EARS AND TAIL, BUT IN ITS NERVOUS AND, AT TIMES, SPITEFUL TEMPERAMENT.

problem of how many species there are. Namely, if it is possible to recognise two distinct kinds, one with short ears and short tail and the other with long ears and long tail, there must be at least two species. Here, however, we are bedevilled by Allen's rule: that there is a marked tendency towards the lessening of extremities in cold climates. Mice reared at, say, 32°C. have longer tails than those bred in lower temperatures,

BRITAIN'S SHOP-WINDOW - THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR: SOME STRIKING EXHIBITS FROM THE BIRMINGHAM SECTION.



(LEFT.)
A ROCK DRILL WHICH
DRILLS DRY YET PRO-
DUCE NO DUST: THE
HOLMAN "DRY-
DUCTOR" MOUNTED
ON AN "AIRLEG." THE
DUST IS EX-
TRACTED THROUGH
THE DRILL. EXHIBIT-
ED AT CASTLE
BROMWICH.



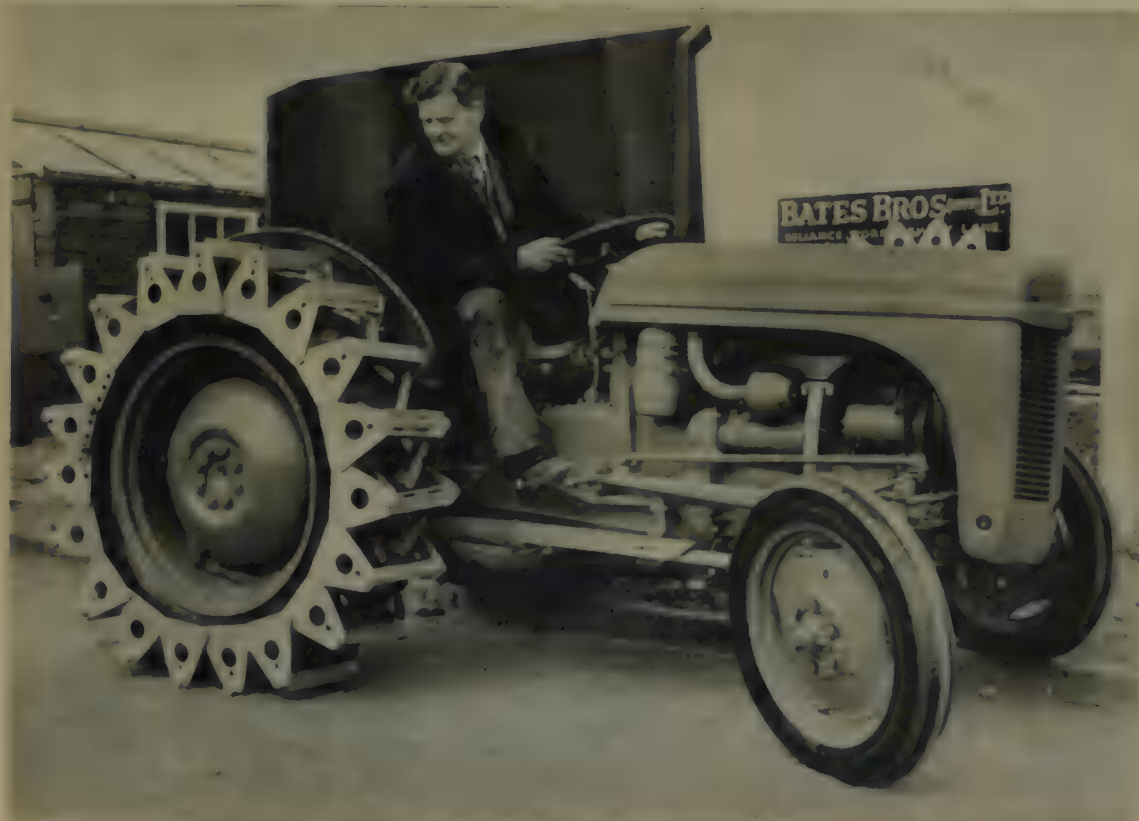
(RIGHT.)
ILL-ADAPTED FOR THE
LIGHT WEIGHT SHOWN:
THE WORLD'S LARGEST
SPRING BALANCE, CAPABLE
OF WEIGHING UP TO 200
TONS—AT THE B.I.F.,
CASTLE BROMWICH. ITSELF
WEIGHING MORE THAN 6 TONS,
IT IS DESIGNED FOR
ATTACHING TO A
CRANE HOOK.



EXHIBITED AT THE CASTLE BROMWICH SECTION OF THE B.I.F.: A KITCHEN
WALL CABINET, BY W. H. PAUL, LTD., FITTED WITH A SUCTION FAN TO
DRAW OFF STEAM AND COOKING SMELLS.



A MOTOR-MOWER FOR LESS THAN £30: THE QUALCAST "COMMANDO," WEIGHING ONLY
89 LB., AND CAPABLE
OF DEALING WITH
6-IN. GRASS OR
SMOOTH LAWNS
ALIKE.



A "MUDMASTER" TRACK, MADE BY BATES BROS. OF MANCHESTER, WHICH CAN BE FITTED OVER
TYRES FOR WORKING IN MUD, MARSH AND SAND. HERE FITTED TO A TRACTOR, IT CAN ALSO BE
USED WITH CARAVANS AND PRIVATE CARS.



A KITCHEN STORAGE CABINET, EXHIBITED BY W. H. PAUL, LTD., WHICH
(IT IS CLAIMED) KEEPS FOOD FRESH FOR WEEKS WITHOUT REFRIGERATION,
BUT BY MEANS OF ULTRA-VIOLET-RAY LAMPS.

The British Industries Fair—the shop-window of this country's industries and factories—opened on May 3 simultaneously at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, and at Earls Court and Olympia in London, and was to remain open (Sundays excepted) until May 14. This is the thirty-third B.I.F. In general, the heavier items—building and heating; electrical and electronic devices; engineering;

hardware and the outdoor section—are shown at Birmingham; the remainder at London. In London there were two special features devoted to the contributions of British industry to exploration: Everest Court, at Earls Court, and Greenland Court, at Olympia. Another special feature in London was the display at Earls Court of prefabricated buildings, now available for the home market.

FROM THE OLDEST INCORPORATED U.S. ART MUSEUM: RECENT ACQUISITIONS.



"A BAY WITH CLIFFS"; BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877), SIGNED G. COURBET. PROBABLY PAINTED AT ETRETAT DURING THE SUMMER OF 1869. (14½ by 17½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF MADAME GABORIAUD"; BY EDOUARD VUILLARD (1868-1940). THE SITTER'S HUSBAND WAS A COLLECTOR OF *NAPOLEANA*. SIGNED LOWER RIGHT E. VUILLARD.



"ABRAM JACOB MESSIR"; BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. (1785-1841). INSCRIBED *David Wilkie ft. Smyrna*. PAINTED SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH. WATER-COLOUR. (18½ by 12 ins.)



"THE DUC D'ORLÉANS"; BY J. A. D. INGRES (1780-1867). ONE OF SEVERAL VERSIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF THE COMTE DE PARIS. Signed and dated 1844. (28½ by 23½ ins.)



"SAINT SERAPION"; BY FRANCESCO DE ZURBARAN (1598-1664). PAINTED FOR THE MERCEDARIOS CALZADOS, SEVILLE. INSCRIBED AND SIGNED *B. Serapius/Fran. de Zurbaran fajt, 1628*. (47½ by 40½ ins.)



"CHRIST HEALING THE BLIND"; BY GIOVANNI DOMENICO TIEPOLO (1727-1804). SIGNED AND DATED *DOMO TIEPOLO fe/1751*. EXHIBITED IN VENICE IN 1951. (28½ by 40½ ins.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH BARGES AND MOUNTAINS"; BY ADAM PYNACKER (1622-1673), WHO WAS BORN NEAR DELFT AND STUDIED IN ROME. SIGNED A. PYNACKER. From the collection of Lady (Cosmo) Bevan. (17½ by 22½ ins.)

On this page we illustrate a selection from a special exhibition of paintings, drawings and other works of art arranged at the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut, under the title "Acquired in Three Years" (1951, 1952, 1953), in honour of a visit paid to Hartford this year by distinguished scholars and Museum officials from all over the world, who had come to America for the 250th anniversary celebrations of Columbia University and the reopening of the renovated galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Wadsworth Atheneum was founded in 1842, and is the oldest public incorporated art museum in the United States, and now among the fifteen largest. Its collections have been built up

through gifts by J. Pierpont Morgan, Snr., who was born in Hartford, Samuel P. Avery and others. Our selection from its recently acquired treasures indicates the quality of the collection and its wide scope. Vuillard posed Mme. Gaboriaud amid the *Napoleana* collected by her husband. The portrait of the Duc d'Orléans was commissioned by Queen Marie Amélie (wife of Louis-Philippe) as a gift to Jacques Charles Guérard, tutor to the Duke and his brother, the Prince de Joinville. The Zurbaran was purchased by Richard Ford in 1832, and sold to Sir Montague J. Cholmeley. It remained at Easton Hall, Grantham, until 1951, when it was acquired by the Wadsworth Atheneum.

By Courtesy of the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE R.I.B.A. FOR THE 1954-55 SESSION: MR. C. H. ASLIN. Mr. C. H. Aslin, county architect for Hertfordshire, will succeed Mr. Howard Robertson on June 30 as President of the R.I.B.A. He is aged sixty; and in 1951 was awarded the R.I.B.A. architecture bronze medal in the class of the Essex, Cambridge and Hertfordshire Society, for designing Templewood School, Welwyn Garden City.



ORDERED TO LEAVE BRITAIN: TWO ASSISTANT MILITARY ATTACHÉS OF THE SOVIET EMBASSY, MAJOR IVAN PUPYSHEV (RIGHT) AND MAJOR ANDREI GUDKOV (CENTRE). The Foreign Office announced on May 7 that two members of the Soviet Embassy, Major Ivan Pupyshv and Major Andrei Gudkov, both assistant Military Attachés, had abused their diplomatic status in the United Kingdom by attempting to engage in espionage. The Soviet Ambassador had, therefore, been informed that these two officers were no longer *personæ grætiæ*, and must leave the United Kingdom.



NEW PRESIDENT OF THE M.C.C.: LORD COBHAM. Lord Cobham has been nominated as the new President of the Marylebone Cricket Club and will succeed Lord Rosebery on October 1. As Mr. C. J. Lyttelton, he played cricket for Worcestershire up to World War II, captaining the county from 1936 to 1939. He was Vice-Captain of the M.C.C. team which toured New Zealand in the winter of 1935-36.



DIED ON MAY 6: MR. J. F. ROXBURGH. Mr. J. F. Roxburgh, the first headmaster of Stowe School, was sixty-six. His career as a schoolmaster began in 1911 when he joined the staff of Lancing, where he remained until, in 1923, he was chosen to be headmaster of a new public school founded in the disused palace of the Dukes of Buckingham at Stowe. He made Stowe his life's work and stayed there twenty-six years until his retirement in 1949.



**THE FIRST MAN TO RUN A MILE IN UNDER FOUR MINUTES:
ROGER GILBERT BANNISTER.**

R. G. Bannister, in a match between the Amateur Athletic Association and Oxford University on the Iffley Road ground at Oxford, on May 6, ran a mile in 3 mins. 59.4 secs., and so became the first man in the history of athletics to run a mile in under four minutes. The fastest time for the mile previously recorded was 4 mins. 1.4 secs. by Gundar Haegg, the Swede, in 1945. Bannister's time of 3 mins. 59.4 secs. has been accepted as an English native record by the Amateur Athletic Association and also approved by the British Amateur Athletic Board as a British All-Comers and British National record. It will now go to the International Federation for confirmation as a world record. Bannister, who is a medical student at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, is 25 years old.



DIED ON MAY 7: MR. E. A. BOWLES. Mr. E. A. Bowles, who was eighty-nine, will be affectionately remembered by many amateur and professional gardeners. He wrote many books on gardening subjects, illustrated by himself, and his "Handbook of Crocus and Colchicum" and "Handbook of Narcissus" are the standard works of reference on these genera. He had been vice-president of the Royal Horticultural Society since 1926.



MARRIED IN HELIOPOLIS ON MAY 3: EX-QUEEN HARRIMAN OF EGYPT AND DR. ADHAM EL NAKIB. The marriage of ex-Queen Harriman to Dr. Adham el Nakib, an Egyptian medical practitioner, who was educated at Cambridge, took place at Heliopolis on May 3. Harriman's wedding to Prince (then King) Farouk of Egypt took place in 1951; she went into exile with him in July 1952; and later divorced him. She is the mother of Prince Ahmed Fuad.



VICTORIOUS IN BRITISH HONDURAS: MR. LEIGH RICHARDSON. Mr. Leigh Richardson is the leader of the anti-British People's United Party which won a sweeping victory in the first election under the new constitution, which was held in British Honduras on April 28. The P.U.P. won eight of the nine seats and will command a majority of seven in the Legislative Assembly.



KILLED IN JOHORE: POLICE LIEUT. T. A. CHARLTON, G.M. Police Lieut. Thomas Albert Charlton, aged twenty-seven, who was awarded the George Medal in December 1950 for conspicuous gallantry in Malaya, was killed, with three special constables, in an ambush by terrorists in South Johore, on May 5, when returning from a jungle operation.



AFTER A VISIT TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (LEFT). The name of Princess Alexandra for the first time featured in a Court Circular sent out from the residence of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, at Gatcombe, near Cirencester, when the Princess visited the headquarters of the British Red Cross Society, in London. Her Royal Highness is seen leaving with Mrs. A. Bryans, Deputy Chairman of the Society.

A DARK THREAD IN THE TAPESTRY OF THE SPANISH RENAISSANCE.

"ANTONIO PÉREZ": By GREGORIO MARAÑÓN. Translated from the Spanish by CHARLES DAVID LEY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE case of Antonio Pérez caused a "sensation" in the Spain of his time, and in all Europe. He was a clever man; the bastard son of a clergyman, reputed of Jewish descent, who, after wide travels, became Secretary of State to Philip of Spain. He was too-clever-by-half; double-dealt between Philip and Don John of Austria; persuaded Philip to let him arrange the murder of Escobedo, Don John's secretary, and was then (when Don John's papers came home) discovered by Philip to be a traitor. Philip was certainly an accomplice to the murder; but he wanted (having a Christian conscience) it to be committed by poison, so that the murdered man should have time to confess (he had made the same arrangements when he had Montigny strangled in prison) and, in the end, it was done in a dark street with a sword—Escobedo, happily, having confessed a day or two before. All might have gone on as it was, but Philip discovered Pérez's treachery, and for years dawdled about (no man ever has so inflexibly made up his mind not to make his mind up in a hurry) prosecuting Pérez, putting him into prison without bars, turning the Inquisition on to him, and all the time frightened lest Pérez (who was aware of his black-mailing advantage) had secreted, or sent abroad, papers proving him a murderer. In the end, Pérez got into Aragon (which stood up for its local rights), caused riots, and escaped; having betrayed his grim King in every way, even to the extent of dealing with the rebels in the Low Countries.

Hunted by agents of the Inquisition, Pérez, in 1592, escaped over the border into Huguenot Béarn: his own comment was "When Antonio Pérez saw the bull's horns uncovered . . . there was nothing for it but to make the final leap to behind the barrier."

He was to live many years, but never to see Spain again. That he simply could not credit: whether incarcerated, condemned or in exile, he could not believe that any King could persist in declining the services of so able a servant. Murderer, trickster, traitor, embezzler, he was, in his own eyes, a thoroughly deserving and ill-treated man, and to the end he never lost hope that some other monarch, if not his own, might employ him on the old level.

For some years he got away with a great deal. He had charm, wit, elegance, adroitness, and he exploited them all, especially with women, who tended either to admire the brilliant politician, or to pity the poor, lonely fugitive, and to whom, out of his poverty, he gave touching little presents of gloves and cosmetics, which were smuggled to him from Spain—after all, it isn't the money-value of the gift that counts, is it? was probably the familiar comment of the princesses and duchesses, and even of the dukes, for whom he procured an occasional Toledo blade. His first home, and the first centre of his ambitious schemes for selling secrets, and promoting invasions of, and rebellions in, his native land, was the Court of Catherine of Navarre. One invasion, that of Aragon, was actually undertaken; but as Señor Marañón remarks: "The Aragonese reacted with unanimous loyalty. First, because the invaders were foreigners and national defence is the only thing which makes the common run of Spaniards forget their civil rancour." That failure, and the increasing local unpopularity of himself and his friends because of their swaggering, gambling and reputed darker practices, set the resourceful Pérez's thoughts in a new direction. At one time it had been a matter of Don John invading England; now the notion suggested itself of an attack on Spain by the powerful English Navy. To England, therefore, he went, carrying a letter of introduction from Henry IV. to Queen Elizabeth. Henry, a genial and straightforward man, can never really have liked or trusted the oily (not to say scented) Pérez, though he

gave him occasional moneys: but he did tell Elizabeth "you will hear things from him which will be useful to you" and he did ask for him to be returned, after use.

Elizabeth, not deceived by him, but probably interested and even entertained, received him. The common report that she, as parsimonious as she was cautious, gave him a pension, is probably not true. He himself wrote to Henry IV. denying it, and saying: "During the time I have been in this Kingdom, I have lived on the liberality of my Lord of Essex"—on whom the Queen had planted him. In England Pérez published his "Relations," which soon went all over Europe, and egged the willing Essex on to beg for the expedition against the Spanish coast, which, in the end, was made. Amongst the places in which he

ambush for him": but Bouillon was the priest, not he, partly because nobody could know whom, or how many parties he was serving, and partly because, as a military adviser he had not been a success. However, he returned to France, and the assurance of the genial Henri Quatre: "Antonio, you will be nowhere so safe as at my side. I do not want you to separate yourself from me," coupled with the promise (not fulfilled) to grant him the order of the Holy Ghost.

In 1598 Philip II. died, covered from head to foot with sores which he had probably inherited: the ever-bulliant Pérez exclaimed, "I shall be an instant victor!" He thought the new King of Spain would pardon him: and, at once, he began informing the French of the defenceless state, and sackable value, of the Canary Islands! When James I. (and VI.) ascended the British throne he made one more visit. He wrote to the King begging for permission to retire to some corner of England, "so that the nations may not wonder and desire to know why Antonio Pérez and only he is not granted what is allowed to any outlaw or any fugitive in a free and powerful country." It is small wonder that a man said of him: "I have never seen so much vanity and so much impudence linked with so much freedom from care."

He died in Paris at last: characteristically "he wanted to lay his bones in St. Denis, where the French Monarchs were buried." He was buried elsewhere, and his tomb was destroyed during the French Revolution, in which he would willingly have taken part had he thought that it suited him.

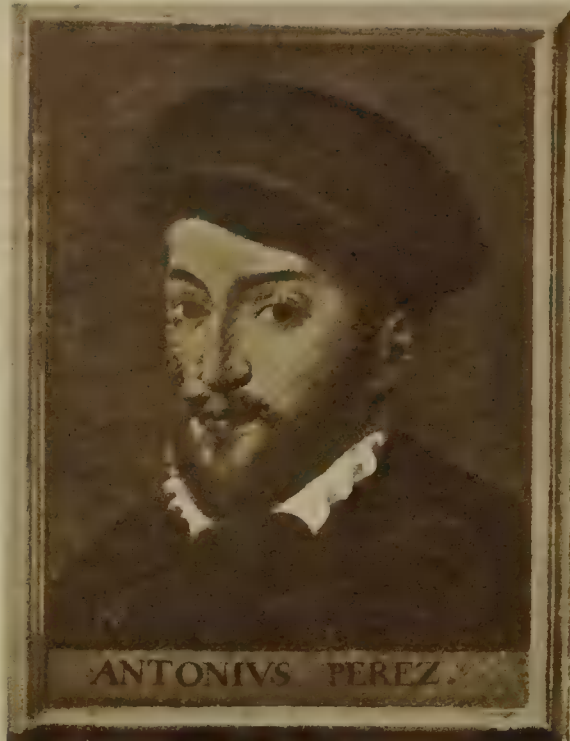
The chief value of this book, in spite of its title, does not lie in the fullness of its biographical details about its nominal hero, a creature baser and even less-

refined than his brother adventurers Casanova and Benvenuto Cellini. The merit of the work, which is fortified by many documents not hitherto published, lies in the honest picture it gives of the Spain of those days and its leading characters, dominated by the bigot who, coupled with the gold and silver from overseas, led Spain to her decadence, through the gracious penumbra of Velasquez and Murillo, Cervantes, Lope de Vega and Calderon. Señor Marañón, one of the greatest medical men in Spain, makes a scientific approach to his facts. He is humane; he respects truth; he makes all allowances for the differences in moral atmosphere between one age and another, and he even, with qualifications, describes Philip II. as "a good man"—a good man gone wrong, of course, as Herod might have been described, had his Confessor told him that the Massacre of the Innocents might be justifiably undertaken by a rightful King in the interest of Religion, the State, Law and Order. But a juster or more conscientious book I never read: he simply won't let any prepossessions he may have interfere with the evidence at his disposal. His heart and his honour are always apparent: so also his hard head; and there is nowhere in the world anything more hard-headed than a hard-headed Spaniard.

The translation needs revision. I am not referring merely to misprints. But there are many sentences without verbs, some strange locutions. Amongst the oddest is "shipwreckee." The meaning, of course, is evident; a man who has been shipwrecked. But are we to have, as time and education march on, "drownee" for a man who has been drowned, and "conflagrationee" for a man who has been burned in a fire?

The pictures of the Princess of Eboli, that conceited domineering woman who is not thought by Señor Marañón to have been the mistress (as the usual sort of gossip has made her) either of Philip or of Pérez, with the shade over her blind eye, do not suggest Cleopatra but the heiress of multiple-shop millions.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 814 of this issue.



THE SUBJECT OF THE BIOGRAPHY REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: ANTONIO PÉREZ, WHO WAS BORN IN MADRID IN 1540 AND DIED IN PARIS IN 1611. (FROM A PORTRAIT BELONGING TO THE CONVENT OF THE COMPANY OF JESUS, MADRID.)



THE PRINCESS OF ÉBOLI: ONE OF TWO PICTURES FROM THE DUKE OF INFANTADO'S COLLECTION, BOTH OF WHICH ARE REPRODUCED IN THE BOOK, AND WHICH SHOW HER WITH HER RIGHT EYE COVERED BY A BLACK PATCH.

stayed was Eton College, which in its long, august and tolerant career, has harboured many strange creatures, but none more strange than he. And amongst the friends he made was Francis Bacon, about whose propensities strange things are here adumbrated. I cannot summarise here the welter of rumours, plots, tortures and hangings of innocent men which surrounded Pérez during this, his first, visit to England. But as for him, useful though he might be because of his knowledge, and probably evidence, about dark deeds by Philip—and who knows else?—he was watched. "From the beginning, it was feared that his unrestrainable tendency to double dealing would induce him to relate in France what he had heard in England, and even to buy his pardon in Spain by betraying his new protectors."

He came here again, in 1596, in company with the Duke of Bouillon, to negotiate an Anglo-French alliance. He "said on embarking that he wished to be the priest at the marriage of the two countries; once the ceremony was over he 'would retire to end his days far away, where neither envy nor peril lay in



THE ÉBOLI PALACE IN PASTRANA. ON THE RIGHT IS THE TURRET WITH THE GRILLE IN FRONT OF THE WHICH WHERE LA ÉBOLI WAS IMPRISONED. THIS ROOM IN WHICH LA ÉBOLI WAS SO LONG KEPT IN CONFINEMENT IS MUCH THE SAME NOW AS THEN.

Illustrations from the book "Antonio Pérez"; by courtesy of the publishers, Hollis and Carter.

* "Antonio Pérez: Spanish Traitor." By Gregorio Marañón. Translated from the Spanish by Charles David Ley. Illustrated. (Hollis and Carter; 42s.)

QUEEN JULIANA IN LONDON, AND EVENTS IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM.



TESTING THE STRENGTH OF THE NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED ARDENNES BRIDGE, AT NAMUR, BELGIUM, BEFORE ITS USE BY THE PUBLIC: SIXTEEN HEAVY TANKS AT REST ON THE BRIDGE, WHILE BYSTANDERS WATCH IN SAFETY FROM THE BANKS OF THE RIVER MEUSE.



COMMEMORATING THE ANNIVERSARY OF VE-DAY: GENERAL DE GAULLE AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IN PARIS.

During a ceremony in Paris on May 9 to commemorate the anniversary of the end of World War II in Europe General de Gaulle placed a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe and rekindled the flame over the Tomb. After the General's departure large crowds of



IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES AFTER GENERAL DE GAULLE'S VISIT TO THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: LARGE CROWDS OF EX-SERVICEMEN WHO HAD FOUGHT IN INDO-CHINA, AND DE GAULLIST SUPPORTERS.

ex-Servicemen who had fought in Indo-China, and de Gaulle supporters, demonstrated in the Champs Elysées and several clashes occurred with the police. The demonstrators were to have been inspired by their bitter disappointment at the fall of Dien Bien Phu.



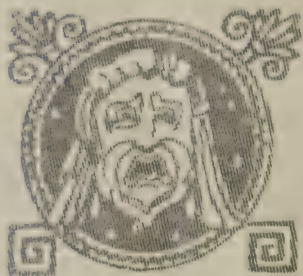
INSPECTING THE 1ST BATTALION THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT AT TIDWORTH: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS, WHO IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE REGIMENT.

Queen Juliana of the Netherlands visited the 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, at Tidworth on May 11, the first time since her appointment by Queen Elizabeth as Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment. Queen Juliana, accompanied by Lieut.-General Sir Lashmer Whistler, Colonel of the Regiment (left), inspected the battalion



AFTER RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF CARPENTERS IN DRAPERS' HALL: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS WITH A GROUP OF WARDENS.

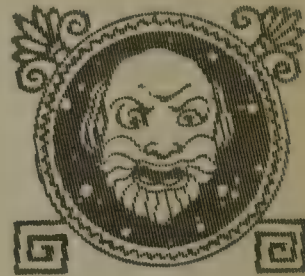
drawn up in four companies. The day before, Queen Juliana had been warmly welcomed to the City of London by the freedom of the Worshipful Company of Carpenters, a guild which for five centuries has enjoyed neighbourly relations with the City's Brotherhood of Dutchmen.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

JERRY MORGAN AND MAX AND MEXICO.

By ALAN DENT.



THAT endeared writer, Mr. Neville Cardus—who writes poetically about cricket, sportingly about music, and beautifully and critically about both—recently gave us a magnificent full-dress article on the occasion of Sir Thomas Beecham attaining his seventy-fifth birthday. Almost at the outset he delightfully amended Dr. Johnson on Shakespeare by saying of Sir Thomas that “panting Time, and the first violins, toil after him in vain.”

Hard to explain why it is that this figure of speech should suddenly and irresistibly remind me of Danny Kaye! But there it is. Such irrelevant analogies are apt to spring up even in tidier and less irresponsible minds than mine. It may, of course, have been immediately due to Mr. Kaye's irruption into the Russian Ballet in the later phases of his new film, “Knock on Wood.” For here Mr. Kaye leaves not only Time and the whole orchestra vainly panting after him, but also a horde of Circassian hours and a clutter of whirling dervishes, both parties having their leader the state-liest and most rigid *prima ballerina* imaginable.

The grave glee with which Mr. Kaye, attired haphazardly like a dervish himself, has the right extended toe of this ballerina placed into his hand is surpassed only by the gingerly grace with which he proceeds to circumambulate the intense, unsmiling nymph. Being one of the non-elect and not particularly ballet-minded I can never see in this kind of *pas de deux* anything more serious and intense than the wooing of a hen-pigeon (all sham indifference) by a cooing cock-pigeon (all preening fervency) carried out in slow motion. But for the elect—as indeed for the *prima ballerina* herself—this is obviously a peak of serious ecstasy, a whole minute of truth, and deadly earnest truth at that.

The subtlest and cleverest thing in “Knock on Wood” is the insistence on seriousness on every face in this episode, excepting Mr. Kaye's, which is contorted with worry, and the orchestral conductor's, which is enraged and appalled. The orchestra to a man is sawing and tootling away at its near-Tschaikovsky or off-Glazunov and has not a care in the world about what is happening on the stage. The audience, to a stiff shirt and a tiara, has not the slightest idea that anything untoward or unanticipated is happening before its very eyes. The dancers are so

Jerry Morgan and his apparatus are chased all over Europe by international intriguers who are more than somewhat boring in their devilish earnestness.

But in the course of his adventures Danny finds time and occasion for some witty tilts at psychiatry, for a hilarious chase through London's streets as well as those of several other capital cities, for a sing-song in a shebeen with Irish labourers (who look about as modern as the characters in “The Colleen Bawn” to me), and for the masterly sketch of an ex-public-

Would that I could say the same of two recent products of France—“The Proud Ones” and “Henriette”! Both films are of the most impressive provenance. “The Proud Ones,” built on Sartre's novel called “Redemptive Love,” has been directed by Yves Allegret, is acted by those idols of film-going Paris, Michèle Morgan and Gérard Philipe, and is set on the gulf of Mexico, which is the smartest place to find squalor these days. “Henriette” has no less a director than Julien Duvivier and the very latest thing in wistful little heroines in Dany Robin. “The Proud Ones” aims at lurid tragedy and “Henriette” at a quicksilver treatment of how a sparkling film actually comes to be fashioned in and out of actual studio's offices and workshops and make-up rooms.

In the Allegret film we are, it seems, expected to admire the redemptive love of a young woman touring in Vera Cruz who, having lost her young husband in an epidemic of cerebro-spinal meningitis, falls helplessly in love with a young doctor who never shaves or washes or does anything else but drink. Redemptive fiddlesticks, say I! And I am delighted to discover that I am not, after all, in a minority of one in finding “The Proud Ones” repellent and having as little to do with art as it has with soap-and-water. A minority of two, whose other member is Mr. Majdalany, of *The Daily Mail* and *Time and Tide*, is a sufficiently strong minority for me, and nothing could exceed the heartiness of my hear-hears when I perused the conclusion of his brilliantly expressed distaste:—“With its direction, atmospherics, acting, visual power and clever sound track to disguise the corny little melodrama it really is, the film may well deceive smart West-End audiences into believing that they are contemplating a work of art.”

And just as this elsewhere over-praised film seems to me to sink into a morass of Mexican mud, so the Duvivier skylark never seems to soar off some comparatively dry ground. It tries and tries and tries. But the only witty thing seems to me the fact that the credits arrive at the very end, the film which we are supposed to see in execution never having been made at all, and concluding when it is just pretending to begin.

Incidentally it occurs to me, just as I finish writing, that I may think of Danny Kaye whenever I hear mention of Tommy Beecham for very much the same reason that George Moore, in the



“IT IS THE FUNNIEST THING IN MY EXPERIENCE OF FILM-GOING SINCE THE MARX BROTHERS GAVE US THEIR UNFORGETTABLE AND UNFORGOTTEN ‘A NIGHT AT THE OPERA’”: DANNY KAYE AS AN EXTEMPORISING *danseur noble* IN A SCENE FROM “KNOCK ON WOOD” (PARAMOUNT), WITH THE *prima ballerina* (DIANA ADAMS).



“IN THE COURSE OF HIS ADVENTURES DANNY FINDS TIME AND OCCASION . . . FOR A SING-SONG IN A SHEBEEN WITH IRISH LABOURERS,” A SCENE FROM “KNOCK ON WOOD,” A MUSICAL COMEDY IN TECHNICOLOR IN WHICH MAI ZETTERLING CO-STAR WITH DANNY KAYE.



“HERE IS THE GREAT KAYE . . . THE WITTY AND ALERT OBSERVER, THE SATIRICAL ARTIST IN ATTITUDES. IT LASTS TEN MINUTES, AND SHOULD LAST THIRTY”: DANNY KAYE IN A MASTERLY SKETCH OF AN EX-PUBLIC-SCHOOL MOTOR-SALESMAN IN “KNOCK ON WOOD” (PLAZA THEATRE, PICCADILLY, APRIL 23).

eagerly and intently covering up the intruder's imperfections as an extemporising *danseur noble* that they betray neither strain nor concern. The whole thing is so funny because there is not a laugh anywhere to be seen. It is the funniest thing in my experience of film-going since the Marx Brothers gave us their unforgettable and unforgettably “A Night at the Opera.”

The whole film is not a sustained comic masterpiece in that class. Danny plays Jerry Morgan, a touring ventriloquist; his two dummies have, without his knowledge, been used as repositories for documents containing State secrets; and it follows that both

school motor-salesman. This last character is, of course, one of Danny's completest disguises. It is a consummate piece of fooling—the young man being consciously well-dressed in his walk and in the sway of his arms, well-poised as his wing-collar, arch in his vowels, and fastidious in his consonants. Here is the great Kaye of the great things in the “Walter Mitty” film, the witty and alert observer, the satirical artist in attitudes. It lasts ten minutes, and should last thirty. But then the whole film has a film's supreme virtue, that of seeming considerably shorter than it really is.

marvellous pastiche by Sir Max Beerbohm, confused two other giants:—“I had often wondered why when people talked to me of Tintoretto I always found myself thinking of Turgenev.” I consult my “Christmas Garland” and find that the same pastiche has a conclusion even more appropriate to the vogue for things Mexican:—“Deep down in my heart a sudden voice whispers me that there is only one land wherein art may reveal herself once more. Of what avail to await her anywhere else than in Mexico? Only there can the apocalypse happen. I will take a ticket for Mexico, I will buy a Mexican grammar, I will be a Mexican . . .” Blessings on Max!

FROM FAR AND NEAR: A CAMERA RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS WHICH ARE IN THE NEWS.



BEING TOWED TO SAFETY IN CONCARNEAU HARBOUR: THE 35-FT. BRITISH YACHT *ALVEENA*, IN WHICH TWO BRITISH MEN AND ONE WOMAN WERE STORM-TOSSED FOR SIXTY HOURS. *Alveena*, a 35-ft. British yacht, was caught in a gale off the Cornish coast when on a trip from Cork to Ryde; and tossed by the storm for sixty hours. It was on May 5 towed into Concarneau harbour; and Breton fishermen expressed admiration for the seamanship and courage of the two men and one woman on board.



SWEARING-IN THE VATICAN'S SWISS GUARDS: A RECRUIT, WITH ONE HAND ON THE GUARDS' FLAG, REPEATS THE ANCIENT OATH TO DEFEND THE POPE TO THE DEATH IF NECESSARY. The Vatican Swiss Guard on May 6 swear-in recruits, and celebrate the anniversary of their stand to defend Pope Clement VII, during the Sack of Rome by the Imperial troops in 1527. The Swiss Guard uniform of blue, red and yellow is traditionally said to have been designed by Michelangelo.



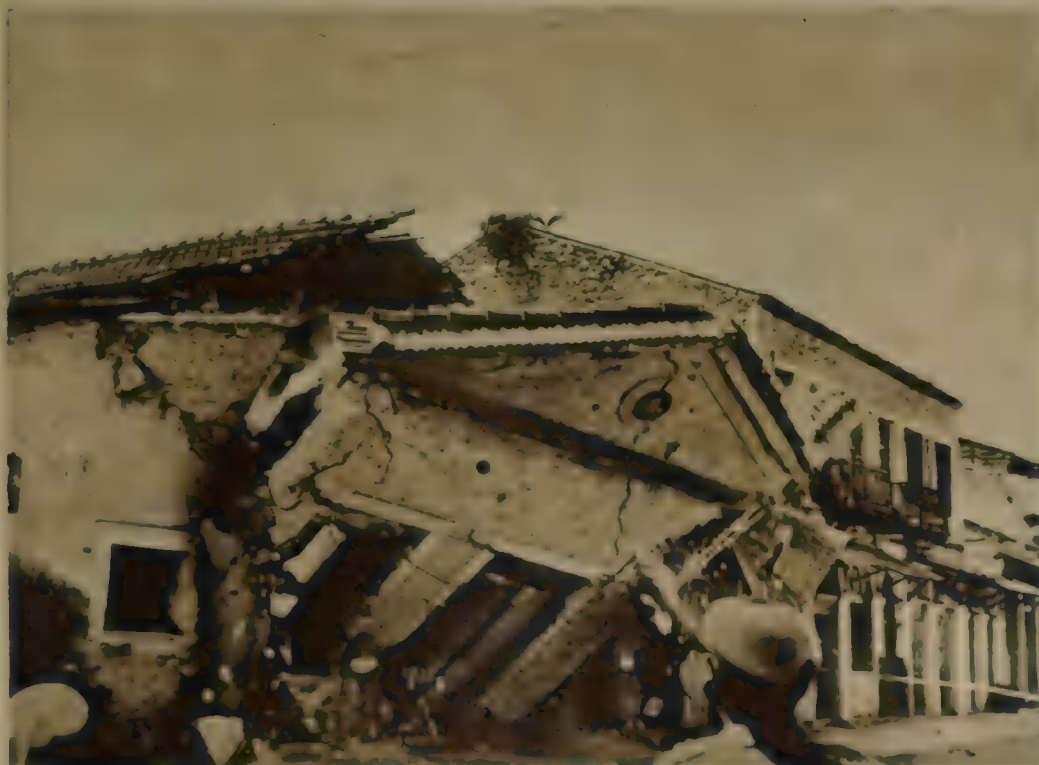
AT EASTNEY BARRACKS, PORTSMOUTH: THE ROYAL MARINES' REGIMENTAL COLOUR BEING TROOPED ON MAY 7. Lieut.-General J. C. Westall, Commandant-General, Royal Marines, took the salute at the march-past at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, on May 7, when the Royal Marines trooped the regimental Colour to mark the 250th anniversary of the capture of Gibraltar.



ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR SCOTLAND: THE QUEEN MOTHER AT LONDON AIRPORT WITH THREE OF HER DOGS. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother flew from London Airport to Dyce Airport, Aberdeen, on May 5 to spend a week's holiday at Birkhall on the Balmoral estate. She joined later by Princess Margaret, who first spent a few days with friends in Perthshire.



CELEBRATING ITS 1350TH ANNIVERSARY: ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL AS SEEN FROM ROCHESTER CASTLE. Celebrations to commemorate the 1350th anniversary of Rochester Cathedral are to start on May 17, and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has arranged to attend a special jubilee service in the Cathedral on May 18 which is to be televised.



SO BADLY DAMAGED BY THE EARTH TREMORS IN THESSALY THAT IT HAD TO BE DEMOLISHED: THE WHOLE FRONT OF A HOUSE IN PHARSALA TOPPLING OVER. Since the big earthquake of April 30, which did much destruction in Thessaly, Central Greece, tremors have continued. On May 6 the official casualties were given as 35,000 rendered homeless, 2,000 killed and 157 injured. In Pharsala demolition squads had, in the interests of safety, to destroy some damaged buildings.



AN ITALIAN MINE DISASTER IN WHICH MORE THAN FORTY MEN LOST THEIR LIVES: AN INJURED MAN BEING BROUGHT UP THE RIBOLLA PIT, IN TUSCANY. A report from Rome on May 4 gave the number of bodies recovered from the Ribolla mine in Tuscany, after an explosion of fire-damp on May 4 trapped about sixty miners, as twenty-seven men had been abandoned in finding alive any of the frozen men still reported as missing.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN ■ recent article on this page I told how I played truant from the Abbotswood Garden D-day—Easter Sunday—and went fishing instead. According to plan, however,

I went and saw the garden on the quiet a few days later, and handed over the shilling entrance fee in aid of the National Gardens Scheme which I ought to have taken on D-day.

It was pleasant, astonishing and encouraging to find so soon after that great public visitation that the garden showed practically no signs of wear or tear or damage.

The chief attractions at Abbotswood at this time of year are the heather and the rock gardens, the flowering trees—cherry, prunus, crab, etc., and the quantities of bulbs naturalised everywhere, narcissi, blue seas of *Anemone apennina*, the prim little double white wood anemone, *A. nemorosa plena*, that best of all the "blue" varieties, *A. nemorosa allenii*—it is not blue but lavender; thousand sof the snake's-head fritillaries varying greatly in colour, the rare *Fritillaria pallidiflora*, with its nodding, creamy bells, *Trillium grandiflorum*, and so on. The rock garden, which has become the home of a wide range of dwarf trees and shrubs, picturesque dwarf plants, bulbs and waterside plants, harbours relatively few of the plants which are usually classed as Alpine and rock plants. It slopes gently downhill in ■ magnificent setting of evergreen and flowering trees, with a delightful little stream meandering and babbling through its midst. Although, as I say, there are relatively few conventional Alpine plants in the Abbotswood rock garden, the gentians ■ well represented, especially by fine plantings of the later-flowering Asiatic species and their hybrids, such as *Gentiana sino-ornata* and *G. farreri*, *G. macaulayi* and *G. stevenagensis*. They evidently enjoy the lime-free conditions, rich in peat or humus, provided for them. *Gentiana acaulis* likes the Abbotswood loam and grows and flowers superbly. That is the way with *acaulis*. Either it likes your soil and flowers in a most flattering manner, or it does not like your soil, in which case it may grow with apparent contentment, but nothing that can be done seems to coerce it into flowering. That, at any rate, has been my experience.

That loveliest of all the European gentians, *G. verna*, is not nearly so happy at Abbotswood as *acaulis* and the others, though there is a splendidly bold planting of it. It may be that it has been given rather too damp a position. But it is, I think, more likely that although the plants have been given ■ special soil mixture, it was not exactly the right special mixture. That greatest of gentian experts, Mr. G. H. Berry, has worked out by endless and tireless experiment ■ formula, ■ soil recipe, which if followed faithfully, never fails to grow *Gentiana verna* to perfection. It is ■ simple recipe. Equal parts of five ingredients, all of which are quite easy to obtain. I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Tustin, the head gardener at Abbotswood, will soon be growing the spring gentian in far finer perfection than the plant ever achieves in its native Alps, for that is what the Berry formula ensures.

The Abbotswood rock garden is traversed by pleasant, easy paths of ■ grass, and it was here that I came upon a small picture which gave ■ more pleasure than anything else in the whole garden. At a point where two of these wide green paths converge at the base of ■ wide rocky bed, ■ triangle had been left unmown, and had become ■ perfect replica of the

ABBOTSWOOD REVISITED.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

flowered lawns that one finds in the high Alps in June. It was a replica—with a difference. The actual flowers were different, but the effect was the same. The whole triangle only covered a few yards. The uncut grass was reasonably short, and growing in it were snake's-head fritillaries, mixed anemones of the wild *hortensis* or *græca* persuasion, violet, mauve, red and wine-colour. Running through the grass was ■ carpet of *Veronica filicaulis*, spangling the sward with its clear, soft, china-blue bird's eyes. And there were four or five dandelions, flowering gloriously and defiantly amid the wide, weedless acres of Abbotswood. I liked those dandelions. The lovely and much-hated *Veronica filicaulis* grows in great abundance as a naturalised wild thing in the rough grass at Abbotswood, as it does in many other gardens of England, and I regret to say that I was largely responsible for originally distributing it.

became ■ nuisance in the nursery, although there was surely every opportunity for it to invade the rock garden and the beds and the frames full of choice Alpines.

In many gardens I have seen this veronica mixing with the daisies on the lawns and adding its blue blossoms to the charm of the daisies, and all the other non-grass herbage, which, strictly speaking, had no right to be there.

The question of daisies, or *Veronica filicaulis*, on a lawn seems to be purely ■ matter of attitude of mind. Tell yourself that a lawn should consist of grass, and grass only, and that those other plants are abominable aliens, fit only for banishment and extermination, and you will find yourself hating them accordingly. Probably I am extremely unwise to have owned up in this way to having been responsible for distributing this

charming pest so widely. Bitter things were said about me, and to me, in times past on this matter, almost as though I had turned loose the first pair of rabbits in Australia. But truly, the plant is not ■ bad as all that. As I say, I grew it for years at Stevenage and never found it ■ pest. Nor have I ever ■ it doing any serious harm in the innumerable gardens that I have visited during the last twenty or thirty years. On the other hand, I have often seen it looking extremely pretty, especially in that little triangle of flowered lawn at Abbotswood.

It occurs to me, by-the-by, that, if only out of kindness to the postmen of Britain, I had better give here and now Mr. G. H. Berry's formula for the *Gentiana verna* soil mixture. It will save them endless running back and forth with letters of enquiry about it, and letters in reply. A full account of the experiments is given at page 133 in Mr. Berry's book "Gentians in the Garden." ■ He started,

he says, with just over 100 plants of *verna*, in small thumb pots which, "judging by their ample roots, round and round the pots, were in all probability two years old." Those plants were two years old. They came from my Six Hills nursery, and had been raised from seed. Then follow full tabulated lists of the soil mixtures in which those young *vernas* were grown, each plant a different confection. And their individual performances are given. "Only ninety-seven," Mr. Berry says, "are given on the list; those omitted were either put into a soil mixture which had a large proportion of bone-meal and quickly died, or into soil containing large quantities of ■ proprietary brand of peat, and these also were not a success."

In the end the final verdict was: "I judged the best plants to be growing in equal parts of sand, manure, grass loam, peat and crock grit (1-in.), plus bonemeal and charcoal." The sand used was Bedfordshire silver sand, the manure was old cow manure, sterilised. The grass loam was taken from ■ stack of grass turves, which had been piled for two years, and therefore contained much fibre, and this, too, was sterilised. The crock grit was ordinary red earthen flowerpots broken up. In that simple mixture we grew *Gentiana verna* at Stevenage, and my son has wisely adopted it, too. For growing *verna* in the open rock garden it is only necessary to prepare ■ bed of the Berry mixture, about 1 ft. deep, well drained, and in ■ sunny position, and plant out young specimens with a mass of established roots. I have never known it fail.



A LILY-POND AND LAWN IN A WOODLAND SETTING—AT ■■■■■■■■■■, THE FAMOUS COTSWOLD GARDEN, WHICH ■■■ ELLIOTT ■■■ JUST VISITED, AND TO WHICH HE REFERS IN THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS, OF COURSE, TAKEN ■■■ LATE ■■■■■■■■■■
Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

It must have been thirty or more years ago that I saw this charming species growing in the late Mr. E. A. Bowles' garden. With characteristic generosity he gave ■■ a wad of it. Later, in all good faith, or innocence—or perhaps I should say, ignorance—I distributed it widely from my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage. The trouble with this plant is that it spreads at ■ most alarming pace, trailing with its thread-like stems and little soft leaves, rooting as it goes, and invading the flower-beds, the rock garden, the lawns, and eventually the hayfields. As far ■ I can make out, the chief danger arises when it gets among choice dwarf plants in the rock garden. When it does that the rock gardener sees red to such a degree that *Veronica filicaulis* becomes with him a serious phobe. After that the mere sight of the plant anywhere drives him to frenzy. Oddly enough, although we grew this species for many years at Six Hills, it never

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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GIBRALTAR'S PRESENT FOR PRINCE CHARLES,
AND A MISCELLANY OF NEWS PICTURES.



GIBRALTAR'S PRESENT TO PRINCE CHARLES: A HUGE MODEL OF THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, COMPLETE WITH AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY. Before the Queen reached Gibraltar an exhibition was held there (which was visited by some 12,000 people) of the presents to be given to the Royal visitors. These were: for the Queen, a diamond brooch in the form of a castle and key; for the Duke, an engraved silver flask; for the Duke of Cornwall, the model shown above; and for Princess Anne, a doll's house like an Andalusian villa. The two last were made by R.E.M.E. and local craftsmen.



A STREET CARPET-CLEANING SERVICE FOR WEST BERLIN: A PORTABLE DEVICE WHICH ARRIVES OUTSIDE THE HOUSE AND CLEANS AND BEATS CARPETS "WHILE YOU WAIT." IT OPERATES ON A VACUUM PRINCIPLE.



HOSES PLAYING ON WHAT IS STATED TO BE SINGAPORE'S MOST DISASTROUS FIRE: IN A GODOWN STACKED WITH RUBBER AND PITH, NEAR ROBERTSON QUAY. A FIRE OFFICER AND FOUR FIREMEN WERE CRUSHED TO DEATH.



(ABOVE) DESCRIBED AS THE FASTEST AND MOST POWERFUL AIRCRAFT DESIGNED FOR CARRIER OPERATIONS: THE VICKERS-ARMSTRONG SUPERMARINE 525 TWIN-JET NAVAL FIGHTER: AN EXPERIMENTAL SWEEP-WING DEVELOPMENT OF THE SUPERMARINE 508, WITH TWO ROLLS-ROYCE AVON TURBOJETS. IN FLIGHT (ABOVE) AND ON THE GROUND.



(LEFT.) TO BE DEDICATED TO ALL WHO SERVED IN MALAYA AND SINGAPORE SINCE THE END OF THE JAPANESE WAR: THE DESIGN (BY MR. GORDON WEBSTER) FOR THE STAINED-GLASS EAST WINDOW OF THE GARRISON CHURCH, SINGAPORE, INCORPORATING A NUMBER OF SERVICES' BADGES AND EMBLEMS.



(RIGHT.) COMMEMORATING THE 55,500 MEMBERS OF BOMBER COMMAND AIRCREW KILLED IN THE WAR, A WINDOW (BY MR. A. M. STAMMERS) IN THE AIRMEN'S CHAPEL, LINCOLN CATHEDRAL, UNVEILED BY AIR MARSHAL SIR GEORGE MILLS ON MAY 8.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK

THIS week, everything turns on the importance of being earnest. Is it a vital element, and a condition of superiority? If so, the novel of the week is "Against Whom?" by Phyllis Bottome (Faber; 12s. 6d.)—in fact, it has the whole course to itself, making debate impossible. Yet, though provided with the wedding garment, it is right out of the dismal class. It has a glossily dramatic scene, a cast without one homely figure, and the most filmworthy of plots—all this, and moral improvement too.

Though I must add, some of its lessons will give no surprise. The setting is a T.B. sanatorium at Davos; and we learn, first, that an obedient and docile patient has a better chance. But if the point is trite, there is a picturesque extremity in the examples. To Father Michael Bretherton, all states are welcome and indifferent, in the love of God; so he is perfectly relaxed, and as content with everything as a "good baby." Therefore he can be brought back from the grave; while Caroline, the lovely Nefertiti-child, though not so desperately far gone, is too self-centred to be curable. Indeed, it was self-love that made her ill. Michael succumbed to over-work for his beloved Zulus; but Caroline's few years have passed in savage combat with her mother, an adoring incubus, whom she can neither tolerate nor do without. Mother refused her a career in the ballet. That was the fatal blow... yet did she altogether mind? Would she have liked an average career? Is it not more outstanding to be sick to death?

Not that she is impressed by it in other people. Others, for Caroline, are only grievances or bond-slaves—or, in her world of fantasy, adorers. She has turned even Michael into an adorer, but her more purposeful imaginings are in another field; they are concerned with the two doctors. John, the austere and dedicated Chief, shall be her prop and stay, renew her health—up to a point—and make her Empress of the Sanatorium. Konrad shall have a hopeless passion for her. Or if not, she won't keep him—but of course he will. And John will gladly get rid of Elizabeth...

For this idea she has some ground. John and his wife are both high-toned and Anglo-Saxon to the last degree, and they are irretrievably in love. But John is full-armoured in righteousness, whereas Elizabeth, during the war, under insufferable provocation, did an evil deed. So he has doomed her to perpetual coventry. No one knows why—not even Konrad and Marie Céleste, the European members of the team. Konrad, though nervous and unstable, has abundant charm; also, he has a thwarted yearning for Elizabeth, the leper-drudge.

This is where Caroline butts in, starting a train of shocks which are beneficent all round, but recoil fearfully on her own ego. But as a lesson, Caroline is a dead horse; and a person, she is more real, and consequently more appealing than the Sanatorium quartet.

OTHER FICTION

Now for my novel of the week, "Consult Your Pillow," by John Coates (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.). This is without a grain of earnestness. As the author frankly says in the first paragraph, it is not even earnestly constructed. "It has a definite end, but no particular beginning. The end comes when fate overtakes my hero and justice is done. So stopping is easy. The trouble is, I could start almost anywhere." And he does start almost anywhere; namely, with Eric Cooper, his dreamy, vacant-looking secretary, and his dreamy, vacant-looking personal assistant, on a cross-Channel plane. The magic is, they are not worrying. How Eric can be a "tycoon" is the initial wonder, which is not hastily removed. There seems no answer in his childhood, as the younger son of a pained, venerable Nonconformist with a life-belt factory at Ealing; nor in the wander-years, when he is supposed to be an art student in Paris; nor yet when he has married Nora, a calm and beautiful Norwegian of determined views, an alternative to sleeping in the bath. Thus far, his two immortal longings are to have a girl in every capital, and to paint women like Renoir's. Though Nora is a curious digression; she is not voluptuous. Then he is landed with the factory, and Kay. From the discrepancy between her outline and his wife's, he gets the big idea—Cooper's inflatable bathing-dresses and foundation garments. And all goes swimmingly indeed—till he begins to feel his oats, and consequently falls into the hands of his departed father.

This last hilarious anecdote is the real story. But the approaches, too, are very funny, and, in a way, enlightening. Here we can feel what the psychiatrists are getting at. The author is not worried about sex—and the result is freedom from all care, a limpid, unmalicious truthfulness, and a blithe, easy style.

"Johnny Forsaken," by G. B. Stern (Collins; 12s. 6d.), provides a half-way house; it is not earnest, nor does it quite skip the improving vein. And though agreeable, it is "made up." And rather oddly, too; for, with all possible inventions at command, it seems an odd thing to invent Johnny Trevoise and the Felsea Dramatic Society. Johnny had his big moment at the age of nine, when he averted the Last Day. As it was in the bargain that he shouldn't tell, this left him with a sense of slighted worth, and a consuming eagerness for some great Object. Now he is a solicitor's clerk, fifty years old, and his great object has to be the Felsea Amateurs. Then comes their modest hit in a Victorian play—and he perceives the playwright as his Cause. And then Eugenia Czelovar walks in: a rampant, charming Viennese, claiming Drake Ogilvie as her "dear Teddie," and wiling all the Amateurs from their allegiance. Johnny is furious; he is hell-bent on showing her up—and the attempt comes down upon him like an avalanche. And at a later stage, Eugenia figures as his housemate and his dearest friend. Their ménage has a wartime cosiness; but I suspect, for once, the treatment should be heavier all through.

"The Iron Cobweb," by Ursula Curtiss (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), states its design right off. "When had she first begun to be afraid?" With that, we know the kind of thing—the little, sinister mishaps, building up gradually to a revealing terror. Elizabeth March is a young, fortunate, contented wife with two small children. And then the fun begins. I am a poor judge of the terror-story; but I should say this must rank high, and the two children are attractive.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

GREAT AMERICAN PLUTOCRATS.

READING recently (though not for review) the memoirs of Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, now Mme. Jacques Balsan, I could not help being a little irked by the good lady's constant disparaging comparisons between her "democratic American background" and the effete world of "aristocratic privilege" into which she so unhappily married. On reading "The Age of the Moguls," by Stewart Holbrook (Gollancz; 16s.), I find that I was entirely justified. The former Duchess of Marlborough was born Consuelo Vanderbilt, and was thus the grand-daughter of "Commodore" Vanderbilt, the founder of the family fortunes. For the "Commodore," as he liked to describe himself, like the majority of the other great American plutocrats whose descendants have entered, or married into, our aristocracy, would not nowadays have lasted a year outside gaol. In fact, I should imagine that by the time

this fascinating book has had the wide currency it deserves, there will be some red faces in the stately homes of England at the naughty things that dear grandpapa or great-grandpapa got up to. Indeed, it is surprising that any country could survive the trail of corruption, chicanery, violence and ruined lives left by most, if not all, of these men. Of them all, the "Commodore" is perhaps the least unattractive. He was physically the toughest, and his string of oaths the longest. They can scarcely be recorded here. "Gentlemen," he wrote, to a firm operating steamers on the Hudson, who had momentarily got the better of him, "you have undertaken to cheat me. I won't sue you, for the law is too slow. I'll ruin you. Signed, C. Vanderbilt." They made their money in real property, like the Astors; in railroads, like the Vanderbilts, Drews and Jay Goulds; in steel, like the Carnegies; or in finance, like the Rockefellers and the Morgans; in meat-packing, like Armour. A few, like Cyrus McCormick, who invented the automatic reaper, seem to have been comparatively honest even by present-day standards (he was almost alone among the wealthy industrialists of his time in that he was a genuine inventor and creator). They have all had their apologists, the greatest of them being Ivy Lee, the first Public Relations Officer, who succeeded in changing the appalling reputation of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., whose name, as a result of his monopolistic creation of Standard Oil, had previously been synonymous in the American mind with all that was most ruthless and blood-sucking, into that of a kindly old man, who was always ready to give away a shiny dime and pat children on the head. The excessively unpleasant Jay Gould, on the other hand, and the un-straightforward crooks such as Fisk and "Uncle Dan'l" Drew, still have to find successful apologists. Perhaps, now that their names have passed into history, and their descendants into respectability, America may have thought them worthwhile. Mr. Holbrook himself cannot withhold his admiration from the men whose morally deplorable activities he records, declaring that "no matter how these men accumulated their fortunes, their total activities were of the greatest influence in bringing the United States to its present incomparable position in the world of business and industry." Although, as he admits, "under present-day rules almost every man in this book would face a good hundred years in prison," there was nothing feeble about them. Possibly—but I still see no reason why their platinum-plated descendants should compare them favourably with the responsibly-minded British aristocracy.

From the contemplation of such swift-minded self-made plutocracy, it is pleasant to turn even to a not-very-well-written book: "In the Steps of the Cavaliers," by James Alan Rennie (Rich and Cowan; 15s.). It is now, of course, admitted that the cavaliers, so far from being as they were presented to me in my schoolhood, the upholders of a ruthless autocracy, were, in fact, the protectors of the "little man" in countryside, Church and State, against the contemporary gentleman with an eye to the main chance—Jay Goulds at the worst, and Hampdens (though I would like to see a close examination of that propaganda hero) at the best. When Charles I. said that "It is not my case alone you are trying, but that of the freedom and liberty of the people of England," he was speaking no more than the bitter truth, which the people of England, during the eleven years to come, were to realise under the first and only dictatorship which this country has as yet endured—a dictatorship rendered more vile by the ruthless prigs who were its controllers. When I say that this book is not wholly well-written, I am perhaps doing it an injustice. Mr. Rennie lets the story tell itself—the story of how, for example, after the fall of Colchester, where a large number of prominent Royalists were captured, three of the prisoners, Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lyle and Sir Bernard Gascoigne, were informed that, as an example, they would be shot to death forthwith. Not one of the condemned had been permitted to utter a single word in his defence. Excellent—this little book is in many ways, I still feel that the cavaliers ("right and romantic") could have been a little better served.

In the same way, pleasant as it is, I cannot help feeling that "Old English Coffee Houses" (Rodaie Press; 5s.), even in the space of its short compass, could have done a little more for the subject. Delightful as is the description

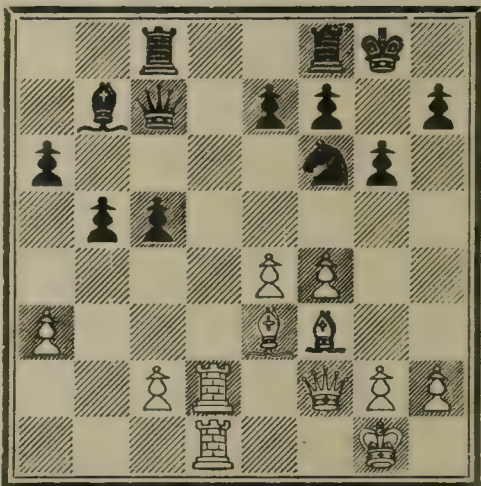
of the growth of the coffee house (and the cover map of the City is not the least attractive part of the book), nevertheless it does not carry us far beyond the addiction to the "rare berry," which so transformed the political and, indeed, the literary habits of the nation. For example, this little book, although it includes the amusing "Women's petition against coffee" and the men's reply, does not carry the subject down to the few famous clubs which still survive as the offspring of the coffee houses of St. James's Street and the neighbourhood. Nevertheless, it is a happy adventure, charmingly illustrated, as is "Daumier, Caricaturist," also published by the Rodaie Press at 5s. Daumier, the quintessence of the French bourgeoisie, has in this revival enlisted the pen of none other than the late Henry James, now, alas, so little known to the present generation. How charming to find in this delightful little book, which covers the Second Republic, the Second Empire and the Third Republic, all that is best in the lively and sometimes brutal caricaturists, on either side of the Channel, of the nineteenth century. I understand this series is to continue to produce these minuscule books of lasting interest, and I wish them well. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE Yugoslav writer, Miroslav Radoicic, is leading in the Bognor Regis International Tournament as I write these notes; the only half-point he dropped having been in his encounter with me, a game full of unusual twists.

B. H. WOOD.



M. RADOICIC.

21. P-K5 B×B 22. P×B
22. Q×B would ease the pressure on Black's QBP.

22. Kt-R4 23. R-Q7 KR-Q1
A queer idea, pinning a rook against a rook.
24. R×Rch might have been better now.

24. R×Q R×Rch 26. P-B5! R(B2)-Q2
25. K-Kt2 R×R

To answer 27. B×P? by 27. . . . R-Q7. 26. . . .
P×P might have been better, though.

27. Q-R4 Kt-Kt2 29. Q-K4 P-K3
28. P-B6 Kt-B4

I couldn't allow 30. P-K6.
30. B×P R(Q2)-Q4 31. B-Kt6 P-R3

31. . . . P-KR4 would almost certainly have won
(see later).

32. P-QB4 R(Q4)-Q7ch 34. Q-R8ch K-R2
33. K-R3 R-KR8 35. B-Kt1!

The only defence against mate but more than
adequate.

35. R×B 36. Q-R7! P-KR4

Had I played this on move 31, I could have
calmly returned 36. . . . R-KR8 (or 36. . . . R(Kt8)-
Kt7) now; 37. Q×BPch, K-R3; 38. Q-B8ch, K-Kt4
and won. I ought to have played 36. . . . R-KR8
anyway, and submitted to perpetual check; White
has no more. But Radoicic had only three minutes
for his next nine moves, and there are possibilities
in my QBP, I thought.

37. Q×R P×P 40. Q-B8ch K-Kt4
38. Q-R7 K-R3 41. P-B7 P-B7
39. Q×BP P-B6 42. Q-QB8 R-B7

Setting a trap into which White, with only
seconds left for his next three moves, obligingly
falls.

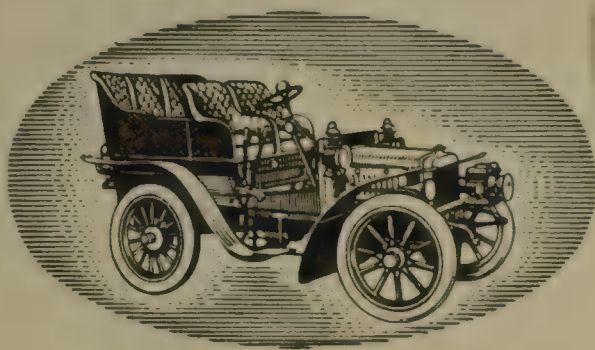
43. Q×BP would have been better than his next
but 43. . . . R×Q; 44. P-B8(Q), R-KB7; 45. Q-Q8ch,
K-B5 then would still have set him plenty of
problems.

43. P-B8(Q) R×Pch 45. K-Kt1 R×Q
44. K-Kt2 Kt-R5ch

The point of Black's 42nd! The game was
adjourned here.

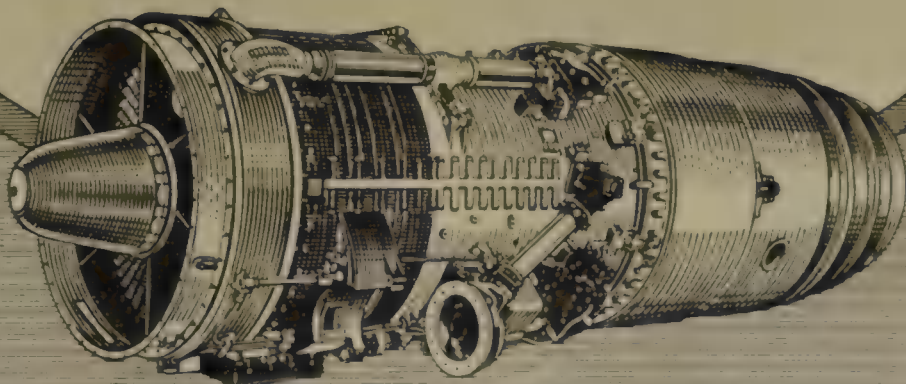
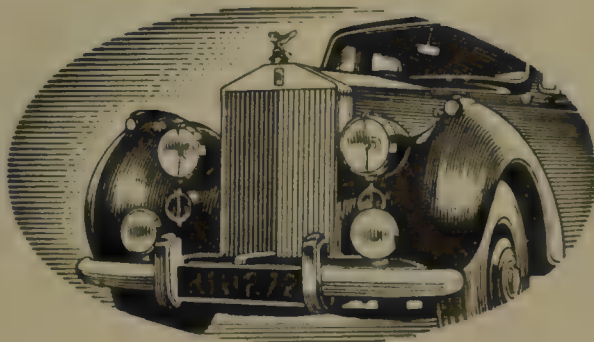
46. Q×BP Kt-B6ch 47. K-R1

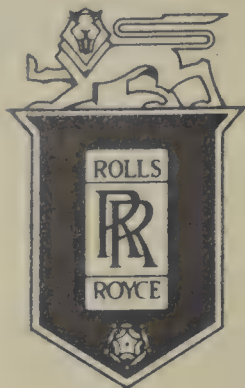
Any other move would lose the queen. The now
almost inevitable draw was reached by 47. . . .
R-B4; 48. Q-K2, P-R4; 49. Q-K3ch, K-Kt5;
50. K-Kt2, Kt-R5ch; 51. K-Kt1, Kt-B6ch; 52.
K-Kt2, Kt-R5ch; 53. K-Kt1. Perpetual check:
53. K-R1?? R-B8ch would, of course, lose.



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venice lido

1954 EVENTS

- May-October Celebration of the VIIth Centenary of the Birth of Marco Polo
- June 15-22 Symphony Concerts at the St. Marc Basilic and in the Courtyard of Palazzo Ducale
Directed by MAESTRO STOKOWSKI
- June 19-Oct. 17 XXVIIth International Biennial Exhibition of Art
- June 20-Oct. 10 International Exhibition of Chinese Art
- July 3-4 IIInd Competition of Venetian Song
- July-August XIIIth International Festival of Theatre
- July-August Musical Events at the Isle of San Giorgio
- July-October Exhibitions and Shows at Palazzo Grassi
- Aug. 22-Sept. 7 XVth International Exhibition of Cinematographic Art
- Sept. 11-23 XVIIth International Festival of Music

TRADITIONAL AND FOLKLORIC FEASTS

The Feast of Lights at the Lido—June 27
The Feast of the Redeemer—July 17
Nocturnal Fresco on Canal Grande—August 21
Historical Regatta—September 5
Serenades on Canal Grande—June-September

INTERNATIONAL SPORTING COMPETITIONS

Fencing, Motor-cycling, Golf, Tennis, Shooting, Yachting, Skating, Aeronautics, etc.

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE RALLYE "LIDO DI VENEZIA"
June 11-12-13

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Information and leaflets from: Ufficio Comunale Turismo—Ca' Giustinian—Venezia
Ente Provinciale Turismo—Ascensione 1300—Venezia



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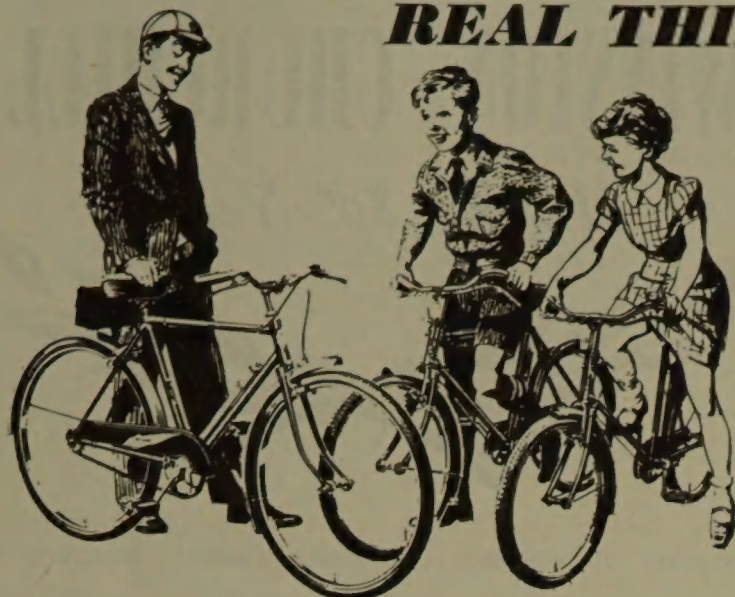
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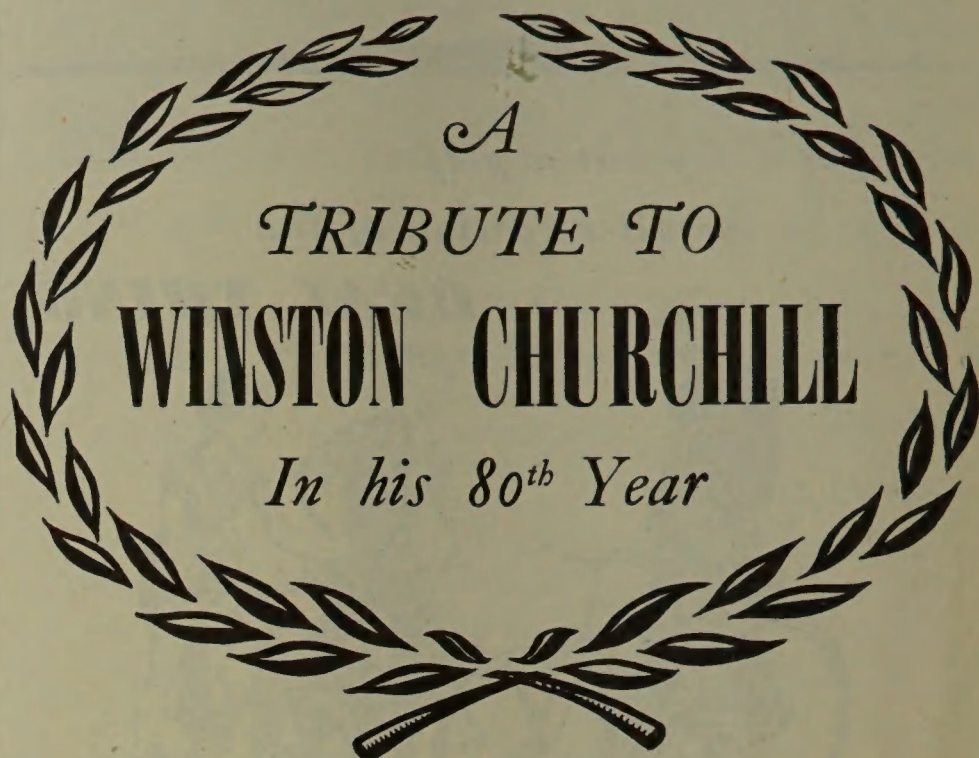
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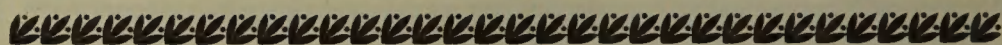
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SHELLGUIDE to *MAY* lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



Before the calendar was changed in 1752, (1) *Hawthorn* or *May* blossomed by May morning. Now it lags till 10 or 12 May. Hung on doors each May Day, it kept fairies and witches from damaging the season's fertility.

(2) *Bluebells* make woods 'wash-wet like lakes', followed by (3) *Starry Ramsons* and (4) *Woodruff*. Queerer plants are (5) *Herb Paris*, berries of which were given in uneven numbers for epilepsy, and (6) *Early Purple Orchis*, known by more than eighty names. Damp places glow with (7) *Ragged Robin*, (8) *Bugle*, once a wound herb, and (9) *Evergreen Alkanet*, a garden escape wild in the south-west since the Middle Ages. (10) *Water Aven* is common in mountainy parts, (11) *Comfrey* blossoms in ditches—its leaves delicious if fried in batter. Meadows are now pale with (12) *Milkmaids* or *Cuckoo Flowers* out 'when the Cuckoo begins to sing his pleasant notes without stammering'.

(13) *Jack-by-the-hedge* stands on parade, (14) ferns unravel, (15) *Meadow Buttercups* gild the landscape, (16) *Red Clover* and (17) *Heartsease* are out, and (18) *Cow Parsley* whitens along verges like moonlight. If May is warm, (19) *Ox-Eye Daisies* and (20) *Birdsfoot Trefoil* blossom in the last week.

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THE KEY TO THE
COUNTRYSIDE



EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES



"**A**RGENT, an eagle displayed Sable, armed Gules" Illustrated together with a contemporary illuminated border are the Arms of William Wilberforce, the famous reformer.

Born in 1759, Wilberforce entered Parliament in 1780. His friendship with William Pitt is famous for their parliamentary and social activities which led to the abolition of the Slave Trade by the Act of 1807. Wilberforce helped form three well-known Societies. In 1787 he obtained a Royal Proclamation against Vice, and a society was formed for its enforcement. This was later named the Society for the Suppression of Vice. He also co-operated in the foundation of the Church Missionary Society and the Bible Society. Wilberforce died in 1833.

The Wilberforce family originated in Yorkshire. It was settled there and bearing the same Arms as William Wilberforce at the time of the Heralds' Visitations of 1585, 1612 and 1665. The family still bears these same Arms.

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